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BRAWLING ON in their Stanley Cup alley fight with New York, the Philadelphia Flyers raise jumps here, backline there, as Chicago and Boston wage another war. By Mark Mulvey.

RING OF THE ROAD on his two wheels is motorcycling's Kenny Roberts, 22, the youngest national champion ever in a bitterly competitive sport. A profile by Sam Moses.

REDHEADS with some help from henna, they are the best women's basketball team in the country. William Johnson and Nancy Williamson report on the onliest tour in Big Wistey.

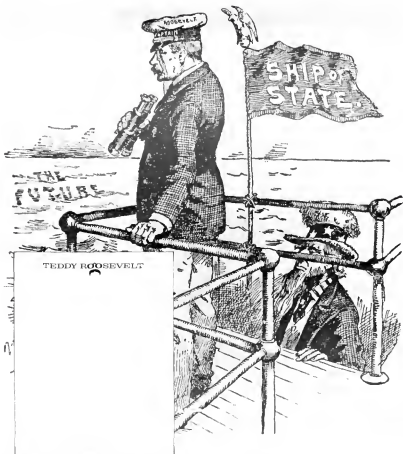


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ABSTRACT



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SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

88 SPLIT

One of the casualties of the tornadoes that scourged the South and Midwest earlier this month was the irreplaceable—and now irretrievable—Kentucky Derby library assembled over a lifetime of research by Browne Leach (see page 89). When Leach and his wife Frances emerged from their cellar in Louisville after the winds, the den where he had kept a reference file of 500 stallions bred over the last 40 to 50 years and full details of the first 99 years of the Derby was in ruins and his books and papers scattered, for all Leach knows, to the ends of the earth. The 70-year-old thoroughbred historian accepted his loss philosophically. "Racing has been a thing of joy, pleasure and interest all my life," he said. "But I could never again get as involved in it as I was."

SPLIT THE 100TH?

By no means as devastated but nevertheless a mess is the Derby picture this year. With the starting gates able to accommodate only 26 horses and nearly 35 clamoring to join the field, there is speculation that twin derbies might be necessary—the Derby divided into two races, as the Wood Memorial was last week in New York (page 78).

When the owners of 290 horses paid \$100 each in nomination fees before Feb. 13 for this year's Derby, they had, in effect, binding contracts with Churchill Downs if they decided to run. The track had already anticipated greater interest in the 100th and raised its entry fee from \$2,300 to \$4,000 (entries will be taken May 2), and if an owner really wants to go on May 4, Derby Day, he must pay a starting fee that has gone up from \$1,500 to \$3,500.

In the last days before the race some owners may reconsider this final \$7,500 expenditure. In addition, the influence of Track President Lynn Stone, his racing secretary, Tommy Trotter, Chairman of the Kentucky State Racing Commission William H. May and Senior State Stew-

ard Keene Daingerfield all will be concentrated on reducing the field to a manageable bunch of fewer than 24. They hope too that the three remaining prep races will eliminate some runners. Failing that, Churchill Downs can be expected to press for stricter prerace veterinary inspections to take out unsound eligibles.

The best bet, however, is that Downs officials will siphon off some Derby aspirants by making another race on the card attractive financially. At a mile and a sixteenth, the Twin Spires was run for a purse of \$20,000 in 1973. "If it were increased to \$50,000, or even \$75,000," says Daingerfield, "it would look mighty good to a man who isn't sure his horse will go a mile and a quarter." The price is also right. The Twin Spires has neither entry nor starting fees.

A persistent argument for one Derby, aside from tradition, is an almost unanimous aversion in Kentucky to giving Pimlico General Manager Chick Lang what he has always wanted in order to enhance his Preakness—an inconclusive, divisional Derby. "If we split the Derby," said one Kentucky horseman sourly, "all we would do is make the Preakness the greatest race in the world."

One wonders whether there was anything in Leach's lost papers that might have helped the Kentuckians out of their quandary.

ORGAN STOPS AND DESIST

Being the organist for the Philadelphia Phillies, Paul Richardson has few calls upon his talent for the "Duh dah dah dot de dash, fight" cadenzas that are the stock in trade of fellow practitioners in Baltimore or Cincinnati or Oakland. His contribution to the game—sorry about this—is the outrageous pun. Before the two players were traded away, Richardson performed such haunting renditions when they went to bat as "I'm Joe Lis of the Stars That Shine Above," and "You Got Mike Ryan for You, You Got Me Sighn" for You." He spent last win-

ter working on what he considers one of his alltime greats, "Wayne Twincell the Sun Shines, Nellie," and now is plump-ing for the Phils to make a deal with Atlanta for Chuck Goggin. The song: "My Kind of Town, Chuck Goggin is," natch.

Which leads to the headline writer who got this one off: CLEVELAND OFFRATS INDIANS. That was Reggie Cleveland of the Red Sox, who will hear more of this now that he is an American Leaguer. Sometimes it is not worth being the pitcher of record.

YES, VIRGINIA, FAST WOMEN

The remarkable thing about the 36 women who ran in the Boston Marathon last week was not that more than half of them finished in under 3½ hours (qualifying



time for all runners) or that four went under three hours; it was the way they finished. While most of the men limped into the Prudential Center on sore muscles and many collapsed, moaning, on the floors or lay semicomatose under blankets on cots, all but two of the women were hounding around chatting amiably about what seemed to have been a refreshing stroll in the rolling countryside from Hopkinton, 26 miles away. They did not even wince when the 97th joker in a row, recalling the cigarette ad, said, "Baby, you've come a long way."

The fact may be that women are better suited to the marathon than men. Dr. Ernst van Aaken of Waldmel, West Germany, who sent four of the top seven

continued



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women finishers to Boston, believes that they are. He claims that their lower body weight and smaller muscles enable women to sustain the rigors of such a long race more easily.

"I don't think we can beat many men," tiny Miki Gorman, looking cool and radiant after the race, massively understated. "Men are faster. But we should have the opportunity to try." A 38-year-old Los Angeles housewife who weighs only 84 pounds and stands 5' 1/2", Miki won the women's section in 2:47:11, which would have placed her 279th among the men, or, to put it another way, ahead of 1,426 other men.

Nina Kuseak, a 35-year-old mother of two from Long Island, N.Y., who placed third in her section in 2:55:12, thought that one reason the women apparently suffered less was that they had not tried as hard as the men. "We are still treading new ground," she said. "Maybe we can push ourselves much harder. But you can only learn by doing it over and over again and putting in more mileage every day."

Which is the way Kathy Switzer sees it. Kathy started the whole thing for women in 1967 when she entered the race, unofficially, and finished. Now 27, she was fifth among women this year with her best time to date (3:01:39). She said, "Women have become so competitive and the marathon is such a competitive event. In our lifetime we should see women training 150 to 200 miles a week and perhaps placing as high as 20th among the men." Baby, that's smoking.

HATE YOURSELF

It now appears that the go-betweens who helped bring together the new World Football League and established National Football League players were the NFL teams themselves. The clubs never give out home addresses of players, but they do forward mail, which secretaries in NFL offices did glumly when letters from the WFL to every active player arrived in plain white envelopes.

Inside was a form from the WFL's R. Steven Arnold inquiring about the player's contract, his interest in hearing further from the WFL and the name of his agent or adviser. Reportedly better than 50% of the players responded. These were broken down into four categories: 1) stars whose presence the new league desperately needed, 2) average players whose options run out in the next two

years; 3) average players with long-term contracts; 4) and those who, the WFL believed, didn't stand a chance. The operation saved the WFL a lot of money, money better spent on players. Whatever happened to inefficient secretaries?

RATE PG

With violence on television under intensive study, maybe somebody should tell Evel Knievel to knock it off before he knocks somebody else off.

Grammar school kids in Wilmington, Del. were seen recently rigging up a ramp of planks supported by boxes at the end of a sloping driveway. One after the other they mounted their bicycles, gathered speed down the drive and zoomed into the air to land you know where—on their heads, mostly. Just like Evel, on whose TV program the major suspense seems to be whether he will return to the hospital or *this* time make it to the morgue. The show rates parental guidance.

ANIMAL CRACKERS

The United States Fish and Wildlife Service has this dilemma: what to do with 1,200 pairs of crocodile shoes valued at \$150 each. They cannot be sold, they cannot be given away to welfare cases and museums and schools do not begin to soak up the surplus. So, until somebody comes up with a solution, they will have to sit in one of several warehouses around the country that have been filling rapidly with contraband confiscated primarily under two laws: the Lacey Act of 1900, which makes it illegal to import animal products taken in violation of a foreign country's wildlife regulations, and the Endangered Species Acts of 1969 and 1973, which bar trade in the world's rarest flora and fauna.

The shoes are only the toe of the problem. There are, for example, 20,000 cans of smoked or barbecued sperm-whale meat once bound for gourmet food shops and, as recently discovered in Oklahoma, a cache of feathers taken from thousands of migratory birds, including bald and golden eagles and seven kinds of hawks. These were going to be made into fancy fans or Indian war bonnets with splendid historical anecdotes attached to raise the price. With eagle carcasses selling on the black market for as high as \$125 each and 10 eagles required to make one bonnet, the price of an "authentic" head-dress can get up there with the Great Father in the Sky.

The department goes mainly after the professional smugglers, who are getting up to \$30,000 for a leopard-skin coat and managing to squeeze extra profit out of bits and parts of spotted cats—such as tails, paws and faces—which can be shipped separately and the pieces whipped into an expensive coat by a not-so-line furrier. But there are the tourists and commercial importers, too, who try to bring into the country something as innocent as tortoiseshell jewelry, unaware that the Hawksbill sea turtle, from which it comes, is as close to disappearing from this mortal coil as the bison once was. The tourist, the wildlife people hope, can be trained, but as long as there are pros making money the warehouses will swell and some species will pass the endangered stage into extinction.

PARALLEL-G-GAMES

Competition on the uneven parallel bars, a gymnastics discipline normally the exclusive province of females, was invaded recently by a male. Ronald Ayyotte, a brave sophomore at Maine's Colby College, reasoned that if women could go out for football and the men's swim team, the process could work in reverse. He made the women's squad as an uneven-bar man and competed against the University of Maine. He did not place, but he gained a wild ovation from the audience and hugs from his teammates. Then he hung up his leotard, having proved, he said, "that a man was capable of competing in this women's sport." He also feels he taught the girls to compete with more daring. Ladies, to your horses. You know what happens. "As Maine goes..."

THEY SAID IT

- Rod Laver, on his contract negotiations with the Los Angeles Strangers of World Team Tennis: "They made me an offer I could afford to refuse."
- Dave McNally, Oriole pitcher, to Brooks Robinson after he had made three errors in his first eight games: "You have gone from a human vacuum cleaner to a litterbug."
- Bill Russell, explaining why his father refused to retire and let his sons support him: "He said he'd given his employers 30 of the best years of his life. Now he'd give them a few of the bad ones."
- Tommy John, Dodger pitcher: "When they operated on my arm I asked them to put in a Koufax fastball. They did, but it was a Mrs. Koufax fastball." **END**



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it."**

**"So
do I."**

**"It's the
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BIG FISH IN TURBULENT WATERS

As the star of the Chicago White Sox and the best-paid player in baseball, Dick Allen is a magnetic celebrity, but life in a fishbowl displeases him. Through last weekend his team had played 73 games and won but four, and the bristling Allen, batting below .200, was behaving like an endangered species. Still, he had an adoring manager and praising teammates

by RON FIMRITE

Few celebrities in any endeavor arrive successfully at a point where their private lives and their public images cohabit agreeably—none less successfully, it would appear, than Dick Allen, the wondrously gifted misanthrope who plays first base for the Chicago White Sox. It is Allen's folly to demand privacy in a goldfish bowl, from which he gazes malevolently out on those who gaze curiously in on him. There was a time this spring when he threatened to jump right out of the bowl and quit baseball, forgetting for the moment what happens to fish out of water. Allen will stay in the swim, at least until his three-year, \$700,000 contract, the highest in baseball history, terminates after the 1975 season. If there are further rewards perhaps he will stay even longer, although he now professes, possibly with tongue in cheek,

Allen needs his heavy bat in characteristic manner at the plate, as ever under the friendly gaze of his foremost fan, Chuck Tanner.

to be weary of the whole enterprise.

Both Allen, whose average through last weekend was under .200, and the Sox, with a winning percentage not much higher, have been foundering, but both may be expected to right themselves.

It would be unfair to suggest that Allen views all humankind with distrust, though he has said he sees profounder virtues in racehorses, of which he owns seven. He justifiably commands the respect and admiration, even the affection, of his teammates, and he is favored with the undying devotion of his manager, defender and protector, Chuck Tanner, who is as cheerful in the face of adversity as Allen is morose. They are strange bedfellows, Tanner and Allen, the one open, gregarious, garrulous, the other closed, withdrawn, reticent. But, as Tanner has assured Allen many times, they are inseparable.

Allen is happy enough in the company of his colleagues on the ball field, and he seems truly to enjoy playing the game.



It is just that he would prefer to play it in more private circumstances—in a monastery, perhaps—far removed from autograph seekers and intrusive newsmen. Tanner sees this ascetic tendency as a measure of Allen's artistic soul. Would Brahms have submitted to a clubhouse interview?

Actually, Allen enjoyed a relatively carefree 1973 season, if a season in which he broke a leg may be described as carefree. His troubles, which started long ago in Philadelphia and continued with varying frequency in St. Louis and Los Angeles, began again in earnest before spring training this year. First came a newspaper story in which Dr. Gerald Loftus, last year's White Sox physician, suggested

continued

that Allen, whose left leg was broken in a baseline collision in June, could have played the final month of last season.

"Dick was very hurt by that story," a White Sox official said sympathetically. So was Tanner. Typically, he reacted outwardly, while Allen fumed inwardly. "What would he have us do, kill the man?" Tanner inquired rhetorically. "Dick tried hard. He always does. He even went 3 for 4 after being out six weeks. But the leg hurt him. He was favoring it, and when you do that you risk getting hurt someplace else. We were out of the race by the time he came back. Why take a chance on a permanent injury? We have to think of the man's future—and ours. We needed him healthy for this year."

Allen did report this year—50 minutes before spring training began—in sound physical condition. Emotionally, he was even more vulnerable than usual. As he has in the past, Tanner allowed Allen to

observe his own training schedule. In this respect Allen is not special. Most of the other veteran White Sox—Wilbur Wood, Bill Melton, Stan Bahnsen, Ron Santo, Jim Kaat, Ken Henderson, Carlos May—were also given considerable freedom. But Allen, who went to bat only six times (with one hit) in the spring, was, as always, the most conspicuous. His two absences from camp for a total of 15 days were dutifully reported and commented on in the Chicago newspapers. Allen's not entirely unwarranted reaction was, "Why me?"

Then in mid-March, Will Grimsley, a longtime Associated Press reporter, found Allen taking batting practice with a mechanical pitching device at the Sox' spring camp in Sarasota, Fla. The team, meanwhile, was playing the Red Sox in Winter Haven.

Seeking a routine interview, Grimsley, another reporter and a cameraman approached the solitary batter, only to be summarily rebuffed, as Grimsley reported in searing detail. "Dick Allen recoiled when he saw his private little cocoon invaded by a handful of strangers," he wrote. The story then described how Allen—jesting once again—offered to buy lunch for the newsmen, or even slip them \$50, if they would kindly leave him alone. Grimsley, in print, was outraged. "He [Allen] takes orders from no one," Grimsley wrote. "He submits to no formalities. He is subject to none of the normal niceties that go with being a public figure."

If Allen was hurt, he was now positively mutilated. Shortly before the season began, he approached Tanner and advised him that he would rather quit the game, pay back his huge salary—anything—than cause further embarrassment to his manager and his teammates.

"He told me," said Tanner, recalling the colloquy, "that his proudest moment in baseball was when I was named manager of the year and that he'd leave before he'd hurt me. That's the kind of person he is." Tanner said his response to this unthinkable proposal was, "You're never gonna leave, kid. My shoulders are broad. Nobody's gonna hurt you. You can play for me as long as you want to."

Allen's public utterances since the Grimsley episode have been about as frequent as Spiro Agnew's. His business manager, Mel Leschinsky, even advised this publication that Allen was obliged to keep mum because of a commitment to a publishing company that is putting out his biography. And last Friday, Allen wagged his 40-ounce bat like some massive extension of his forefinger in the face of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s Heinz Klutmeier to emphasize his reluctance to be photographed. Any more pictures, Allen told the photographer, "and I'll send your camera back in pieces." He did, however, speak at greater length, if with no more wisdom, to *Chicago Daily News* columnist Dave Nightingale the same day.

"Look, buddy," Nightingale quoted Allen as saying, "you gotta understand. I just don't care anymore. I've had it. I'm just going to do what I'm told. This is just another job. That's the way I feel."

Tanner dismissed this ominous outburst as yet another manifestation of Allen's extraordinary sensitivity. "He's been hurt a lot by what people have been saying about him," said Tanner. "I told him I wouldn't let them hurt him anymore, if I could possibly help it. All he has to do for me is play ball and forget about everything else. I'll tell you one thing, he doesn't just go through the motions when he's out there. Between those white lines, nobody plays any harder than Dick Allen."

Tanner's office walls are decorated with such inspirational messages as, "There are few, if any, jobs in which ability alone is sufficient. Needed also are loyalty, sincerity, enthusiasm and team play." He believes in such things. And yet of all major league managers, he is least likely to impose a philosophy of life on his charges. Tanner is a pleasant-looking, relentlessly affable man of 44, only a dozen years older than Allen and the willing bearer of his burdens. He may be baseball's first genuinely modern manager in that he believes responsibility must come from within. He has infinite faith that Allen will meet his responsibilities. And so will the others.

"I don't have one rule for 25 players," he said last weekend, puffing thoughtfully on an immense black cigar. "I have 25 rules. I think communication is more important than regimentation. You don't treat a fellow of 30 the way you treat one



Approaching the dugout after hitting a homer against K.C., Allen is greeted by Tanner.



Says Ron Santo, "Not a ballplayer on this team has ever complained about Dick Allen."

who is 19 or 20. I remember when I was with the old Milwaukee Braves, I saw a 34-year-old Warren Spahn running up to his room just to beat curfew. Warren Spahn, mind you. Why, a man like that at least ought to be allowed to walk.

"I love managing. I love putting the uniform on. I love it when a young player comes along or when somebody like Bill Melton wins a home-run championship. I'm interested in my players not just as athletes, but as men. And I'll tell you, Dick Allen is one helluva man."

Tanner's hometown of New Castle, Pa., is a short distance from Wampum, where Allen was born and reared. Tanner knows the Allen family. And he obviously knows Allen better than anyone else has been permitted to in recent months.

"He has played for me hurt," said Tanner. "The other night, when the temperature was down in the low 40s, his right hand, the one he hurt pushing a car a few years ago, was completely numb. His leg pains him, too, in weather like that. But with one hand and one leg, Dick Allen is better than anyone. He has a magnetism—like Clark Gable, say, or Marilyn Monroe. He's above the ordinary. But he's a quiet, sensitive guy. And the other players really love him."

This observation seems somehow to be fairly accurate.

"We know Dick Allen," said Outfielder Henderson. "We know he's obsessed with winning. He just has his own way

of doing things. You'll never hear anybody on this club criticize Dick Allen."

"Hell's bells," said knuckleball king Wood. "He's a great ballplayer. There's no resentment here."

"I need spring training," said Allen's substitute at first base, Tony Muser. "But if I had his ability, I wouldn't want to go, either."

"Not a ballplayer on this team has ever complained about Dick Allen," said Santo, who joined the White Sox this year after a trade with the crosstown Cubs. "I'm new and I would have noticed if anyone had."

The very thought of anyone objecting to Allen's privileges is, in the words of Outfielder May, "a lot of malarkey."

When the White Sox returned home from a road trip to open a series with Kansas City last Friday night, Tanner, many of the players and maybe even Allen himself anticipated some hostile fan reaction. The team's record was two wins, eight losses. Allen had not been hitting and the brouhaha over his threatened defection had scarcely subsided. White Sox fans are a bawling, raucous, vocal multitude. But they are also intensely loyal.

When Allen came to bat in the first inning, the applause and cheers began as soon as he stepped out of the on-deck circle. It was a gratifying sound, at least to Tanner. No matter that boos accompanied Allen's subsequent strikeout. "They'd boo Jesus Christ if he struck out," said the Sox' ebullient announcer, Harry Caray.

"I love these people," Tanner said, driving home from the ball park after the Sox's 5-4 win. "I knew they'd stand behind Dick."

When Allen hit a home run into the left-field seats the following day, it was as if all were well again on the home front, even though the Sox lost the game. They did win on Sunday, but Allen remains wary, reminding associates that what happened in Philadelphia—where the good Lord might be booed if he tripped with the bases loaded—seemed to be happening again.

That is doubtful. Still...

Irving's?, complete with question mark, is a cluttered, comfortable, neighbor-

hood bar just off Rush Street in Chicago. A solemn young man was sitting at one end of the bar scribbling notes on a sheet of music. Two other customers were playing electronic Ping-Pong on one of those new infernal machines. There is a bowl back of the bar in which several small, dreamy creatures were swimming lazily through underwater shrubbery. The bartender, a hirsute collegiate sort, reached into another bowl on a shelf and withdrew a goldfish while chatting about Allen's travails. "Never have cared much for Allen," he said. "A real prima donna."

He dropped the little fish into the bowl among the others. There was a brief swirling, and then the newcomer was gone. Completely gone.

"Piranha," the bartender said. "Feed them twice a day."

So you see, Dick Allen, worse things can happen in a goldfish bowl than being stared at.

RWD



Says Knuckleballer Wilbur Wood, "He's a great competitor. There's no resentment."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEITH BLUMENBERG

NO ADVANTAGE FACING STANFORD

The nation's best college tennis team crushed its downstate rivals, USC and UCLA, in back-to-back matches last week as the traditional scoring method was abandoned in favor of the modern "no ad" **by JOE JARES**

There are hundreds, maybe thousands, of tall, stately eucalyptus trees on the Stanford University campus, and behind every one is a tennis player. Straight white teeth. Handsome. A pair of rackets carried just so under whichever arm is not around a coed. Here is clean-cut Gene Mayer, only 18 but winner of six national titles. Here is deeply tanned Chico Haggy, an All-America when he was just a freshman. Those two mustachioed dudes are Chip Fisher, who had a 13-2 college singles record last year, and Tim

Noonan, the 1973 New Zealand hard-court open champion.

None of these four was good enough to compete for the Stanford varsity last weekend. The fellows who were good enough beat the next-best teams in the country, USC and UCLA, by a combined score of 16-2 before perhaps the largest crowds in intercollegiate tennis history.

The organizer of the two-day proceedings and the man who has collected enough talent for two teams is Stanford

Couch Dick Gould, who has "NCAA 1" on his Mercedes-Benz license plates, celebrating last year's title. It was Gould's plan that when perennial tennis powers USC and UCLA traveled to Palo Alto on their annual northern swing, they would play six matches in the afternoon on the varsity courts at the Stanford tennis stadium, then move indoors at night for the three most important matches. To this end he persuaded his athletic department to buy a slightly used Sportface carpet, which fit in perfectly at the modern Maples Pavilion. More than 10,000 tickets were sold in advance, the promotion being helped by Stanford's troubles in Los Angeles two weeks earlier. The Cardinals barely beat USC and were upset by UCLA 5-4.

"L.A. has smog, and the L.A. crowds are really vicious," said Stanford's ace, Alex Mayer. "They're a bunch of jerks. . . . UCLA is atrocious. To lose to them took a monumental effort. I would consider it one of the biggest upsets in the history of sports. Anybody who knows anything about tennis would have had to assume we threw the match on the basis of that score. It was impossible.

"But then, the whole scene was slightly incredible. There were guys in a nearby residence hall blowing a tuba every time [John] Whitlinger threw up the ball to serve. All match long there was a series of insults from out of the stands—rather personal insults, not just booing. It was a zoo."

Not since 1942, when Ted Schroeder was a member of the team, has Stanford beaten both USC and UCLA on its visit to L.A. It did not help Mayer's mood that he was upset by UCLA's Brian Teacher. Mayer had taken off a quarter semester to play the USLTA indoor circuit and turned down more than \$40,000 in winnings so he could keep his college eligibility. And boom, a stringbean sophomore beats him.

Testy at best, Mayer, who beat Iie

Gould has recruited so much talent that several All-America types are on the bench.





Team ace Alex Mayer upset his Northeast and reached the semi at Wimbledon last year.

lovely strokes by his father, a New Jersey pro. Mayer had to play second fiddle to hard-serving Roscoe Tanner as a sophomore, but last year he won the NCAA singles and is the odds-on favorite to do it again this June and become the first double winner since USC's Dennis Ralston in 1963-64.

Another intriguing aspect of the weekend was that the "no-ad" scoring system was used for all matches (and, in fact, is being used for most collegiate matches this year). According to hallowed tradition, a game of tennis is scored 15, 30, 40, "game." If a game is tied at 40-all, it is at "deuce" and must continue until one or the other player gets a two-point margin. An umpire's announcements might go like this: deuce, advantage Jones, deuce, advantage Smith, deuce, advantage Smith, deuce, advantage Jones and finally—just when everyone is tingling with excitement, dying of boredom or wondering what the deuce is going on—game, Jones. My ad, your ad, ad in, ad out, ad infinitum, ad nauseam.

How did such a scoring system come about? Didn't the first racket swingers know that 30 plus 15 equals 45, not 40? Well, the story goes that the early scorekeepers used clocks and would move the hands around a quarter of the way—or 15 minutes—for each point. But after a while the clocks and the five from 45 got lost in the shuffle.

Now comes collegiate tennis with no-ad, a system wherein zero is still "love," a bad serve is still a "fault" and a blazing, merely-waved-at serve is still an "ace." But a point, by God, is a point. One, two, three, game. As simple as that. If the score is tied at 3-3, the next point wins it, making for a lot of little sudden deaths in each match. And, if a set goes to 6-6, the issue is settled by a nine-point tie breaker.

The fans at Stanford seemed to like the innovation. All three coaches—Gould, George Toley of USC and Glenn Bassett of UCLA—were against the idea at first but are in favor of it now. They say it adds excitement for the audience, speeds up the matches and requires more concentration from the players.

However, while you can take the advantage out of the scoring, you cannot remove the advantage of playing at home in front of friendly crowds, although the

way the Cardinals performed they would have won playing on the Hollywood Freeway at rush hour.

USC was the victim Friday. Since the Trojans had beaten UCLA, which had beaten Stanford, the competition figured to be close, but in the afternoon sophomores Whittinger, Pat DuPré and Mark Mitchell and freshman Nick Saviano won their singles, and Stanford won the Nos. 2 and 3 doubles matches. Four of the six matches had gone to three sets, yet Stanford moved into Maples with an unbeatable lead, 6-0. About 5,500 fans enjoyed the circus anyway. The Stanford band was there with five gaily painted tubas, none of which comphed during anybody's serve, and white-gloved pom-pom girls moved smartly and prettily through their routines, seeming not to care what Mayer had said about campus womanhood. Mayer polished off USC's No. 1, John Andrews, 6-4, 6-2, and the best show was put on by the husky son of a diplomat, junior Jim Delaney, who grew up in the Orient but came home every summer to tour with his racket. He saved three match points against Trojan No. 2, Sashi Menon of India, and won 3-6, 7-6, 7-5. Then he and Mayer won the doubles for a surprising clean sweep, 9-0.

UCLA fell almost as easily Saturday. Stanford won all the afternoon singles again and one of the doubles. Then an even bigger crowd, more than 7,000, watched in the arena as Delaney beat Steve Mott in three sets and Mayer easily took revenge on Brian Teacher, 7-5, 6-2. A loss in the final doubles match made the team score 7-2. The two-day attendance, outdoor and indoor, was more than 14,000.

Stanford must still meet the two L.A. schools twice more, at the Pacific Eight and NCAA tournaments, but win or lose, its tennis future seems bright. Gould has a eucalyptus grove full of talented underclassmen and proven ability to recruit still more ("If he wants you, your mailbox won't go empty your whole senior year of high school," says one of his players). Students and alumni stand ready to buy more tickets next year.

"These guys, without any question, spend more time at their sport than anybody," said a pleased alumnus sitting in Maples Pavilion Saturday night. "As a unit they're always over a 3.0 grade average. They're always bright kids. And they don't miss much social activity either. It's just amazing."

END

Nastase at Wimbledon last year, cut loose in an interview in *The Stanford Daily* blasting Los Angeles, insulting Stanford women, claiming that tennis players could not see much beyond skirts and backgammon boards, and berating Stanford for not sending him an engraved invitation to its law school. If there was a target he missed, it was probably because he was not asked about it.

"For better or worse," gulped Coach Gould, "he's the most open and honest person you'll ever meet."

Not a half-bad hitter of tennis balls either, as the fans in Maples Pavilion soon found out. Mayer is very quick and, if it is true, as he claims, that he is not a natural athlete, he has been taught some

DR. J AND THE WHOPPER SHELL THE COLONELS

This has been a rotten spring for the Kentucky Colonels. Several weeks back, when they were just beginning their annual rite of frustration in the ABA playoffs, a tornado gave them a severe home-court disadvantage. The twister nearly gobbled up Louisville's Freedom Hall, tearing huge holes in the roof and transplanting bits of the 16,933-seat arena to various locations in nearby Ohio and Indiana. The Colonels survived that ill wind—in which, tragically, 72 fellow Kentuckians died—and got by their first series with the Carolina Cougars as well. But last week they ran into a couple of other big twisters that whirled in from New York and blew them out of the Eastern Division championships.

The Nets had the black tornado, Forward Julius Erving, who personally cinched the series' third and pivotal game with two extraordinary baskets and otherwise parlayed his jumpers, his newfound touch from outside the three-point circle and his usual array of ear-cracking dunks into 29.8 points per game. And New York also had with them Center Billy Paulitz, the white tornado, an equally important storm center. Throughout the series the 6'11" Paulitz engulfed his Colonel counterpart, Artis Gilmore, like a 240-pound sack of Silly Putty, holding him to a 15-point scoring average and outplaying him overall.

In the past it had usually been the main assigned to guard the 7'2" Gilmore who ended up looking as if he had been hit by a cyclone, particularly in recent months. Since being named the Most Valuable Player in the ABA All-Star Game at Norfolk in January—an award he surely deserved—and then being loudly booed by the Virginia fans who disagreed with the choice, Gilmore had been on a tear, averaging more than 20 per game in both points and rebounds. This stretch was the most productive and consistent of Gilmore's career and during the Colonels' 4-0 sweep of strong Carolina in the first playoff round, he was overpowering, with 29.8 points and 18.5 rebounds a game and a 67% shooting average. At the same time, Paulitz' activities

The Nets whirled down on a team beset by spring fever and foul weather and blew them right out of the ABA Eastern playoffs by **PETER GARRY**

had been nothing special in the Nets' 4-1 victory over Virginia in their opening series.

But even the Colonels' initial success must have left them unconvinced that spring is actually the nifty time of year everyone else says it is. In two of the past three seasons Kentucky has made it all the way to the finals only to stumble and fail in the seventh game. The year the Colonels did not manage to make the championship round they had set a record for regular-season wins before being shelved in the playoffs by the less talented predecessors of the current Nets.

By the time the Nets arrived in Kentucky last week the top had been put back on the Louisville arena, a job which cost the life of one workman, but the roof was already falling in on the Colonels. New York, holding the home-court advantage in the series, had used it to good purpose by wallopping Kentucky 119-106 and 99-80 in the opening two games at Nassau Coliseum. The way the Nets had gained that advantage was an indicator of things to come when the series shifted to hostile territory. Going into the final month of the regular season, New York had held a thin lead over the Colonels in the Eastern Division, but Kentucky looked like a better bet to finish first because of its far easier schedule in the remaining games. The Colonels did win 16 of their last 22, but still they ended up two games behind New York in the final standings. The Nets held on to their poise and their minuscule edge even though their starters average less than 23 years of age, and their two relatively inexperienced coaches, Kevin Loughery and his assistant Rod Thorn, are only 34 and 32, respectively. "A lot of people figured these kids wouldn't be able to stand the pressure of the playoffs, particularly on the road against a good, experienced team like Kentucky," said Loughery, chomping happily on a victory cigar.

"But after what they did down the stretch I had hardly any doubt that they could. For more than a month they had to win almost every night to keep the division lead. And that's exactly what they did almost every night."

Indeed, it was the Colonels who looked as if they were unaccustomed to the playoffs. Their offense was both inert and inept, largely because of the efforts of the 25-year-old Paulitz, the oldest New York regular, whose teammates call him the Whopper out of benevolent regard for his bulky physique. His man Gilmore had recently supplanted Forward Dan Issel as the fulcrum of Kentucky's attack. Gilmore's scoring repertoire consists mainly of hooks as he rolls across the foul lane and crashing dunks of offensive rebounds. Belying up to Gilmore, Paulitz worked stubbornly at preventing the big Kentuckian from slipping around him for either kind of basket. Paulitz gutted it out so effectively in the first game that he outscored and outrebounded his taller rival. That was a double Paulitz would not repeat in the series, but never, except when he pulled in 27 rebounds in Game Three, would Gilmore establish the wide advantage at center Kentucky needed if it was to defeat New York. And rarely did Gilmore's teammates make the plays, either by driving or hitting outside shots, that would have forced Paulitz and the rest of the Nets' defense to stop concentrating on Artis. In fact, the oddest aspect of the Kentucky offense was the sudden and complete disappearance of Issel's outside jumper, usually one of the most reliable in the pros. He shot 42.5% against New York and in the final two games hit only one basket from beyond 15 feet.

Issel's lone long one came from the top of the circle late in the third period of the critical third game, when the Colonels were attempting to preserve a slowly diminishing lead. With Gilmore re-

bounding effectively and keying the Kentucky fast break to 27 points, the Colonels had led by as much as 15. The lead was still 10 with 9:27 to play and the series seemed likely to turn into one of those you-win-on-your-floor, we'll-win-on-ours, and we'll-see-who-chokes-in-the-seventh-game affairs. Then the Nets' defense tightened and held Kentucky to only six points for the remainder of the game. Meanwhile New York was scoring 18, eight of them by Erving. Two of his four baskets came on shots mere mortals might have made; the other two should have been bronzed on the spot and shipped off to the Hall of Fame. With 3:53 to play, the Doctor gave New York its first lead of the night, employing a maneuver that in one swoop demolished the ultimate strategy of Kentucky Coach Babe McCarthy: don't let Erving drive the baseline, but if worse comes to worse call in Gilmore to block his shot. Worse came to awful for the Colonels when Dr. J began operations by putting head fakes on rookie Forward Jim Bradley. Two twitches and Erving was rewarded with a strip along the right baseline as wide as Louisville's Watterson Expressway. The Doctor took off and seemed headed straight for a collision with Gilmore, who had arrived on the scene punctually and whose big left mitt was now blocking out the hoop and half of the backboard. Attacking the basket from 12 o'clock high, Erving drove the ball apparently through Gilmore's waiting hand to make the score 83-81 New York.

Dr. J's second Hall of Fame performance began with 17 seconds remaining and the score tied. At that point Loughery had called a time-out to tell his team exactly the same thing that McCarthy was telling his team at the other end of the court: there would be one last shot and Erving would take it. And so it came to pass. Receiving the ball inbound near midcourt and with Bradley nearby awaiting more head fakes—or something else just as worrisome—Julius stood in one spot for the next 13 seconds, calling over Guard Mike Gale for an animated discussion of tactics and giving the clock only cursory attention. When precisely the right amount of time remained, Erving broke into a right-hand dribble,

whopped Bradley into a pock by Whopper Paulitz and arrived at the free-throw line. Once again Gilmore was there to greet him. On this occasion Erving responded by jumping off the wrong foot and floating off-balance from left to right across the middle of the foul circle to

avoid Artis' lunge. In midflight he threw up a one-hander at the buzzer that hit nothing but strings. That clinched the game 89-87 and brought the roof down for good on the Colonels, who put up only desultory resistance in losing the final game 103-90.

END



Encircled by all five Kentucky players, Erving soars in for one of his famous flying layups.



Prentice's payday easily surpassed her total earnings for any full year on the tour.

ONE FOR THE MONEY, TWO FOR THE SHOW

When Jo Ann Prentice birdied the fourth hole of sudden death to beat Jane Blalock and Sandra Haynie, her reward was \$32,000, biggest ever for women

by **BARRY McDERMOTT**

Beneath the golden desert sun, in the sporadic popping of flashbulbs and the discriminating view of national television last week, down among the personalized licence plates, chauffeur-driven golf carts and million dollar ghettos of Palm Springs, the Ladies Professional Golf Association took off its braces, lost its acne and threw away its hobby socks. Women's golf, like Patty Duke, finally grew up. Now we won't have to lie awake nights worrying about it anymore.

The occasion was the Colgate-Dinah Shore Winners Circle, a golf tournament that is to the women what the talkies were to the movies. Call it a breakthrough if you must, but there they were, playing for fame and a whole lot of fortune, their knees locked in mounting terror as they edged closer and closer to the heaping pot of gold at the end of the 72-hole rainbow.

It was Jo Ann Prentice who finally survived the experience of competing for more cash than any of the women thought existed only a few years ago, survived it by beating out Jane Blalock and Sandra Haynie in a dramatic sudden-death playoff that lasted four holes at the Mission Hills Country Club. The victory brought her the \$32,000 first-place prize, a new car, a paid trip to England and a television commercial contract. All told Jo Ann Prentice earned more than Dinah Shore or just about anyone in the world last week. She was Queen for a Day.

That day began with Haynie in the lead by a stroke over Prentice and Blalock, and the three stayed close as they moved through the back nine. Prentice caught Haynie with a birdie at the 13th and went into the lead by herself when Haynie hit her tee shot in the water on 14 and bogeyed. Blalock appeared out of it when she three-putted the 16th to fall three shots behind, but moments later Prentice did some three-putting of her own on 17 while, in the next group, Blalock hit her tee shot a foot from the pin for an easy birdie.

The 18th at Mission Hills is a par 5 and Prentice could do no better than par it. Now she could only watch and hope. Haynie stuck her approach 15 feet away, Blalock eight. When Sandra missed and Jane made it, the three women were tied and had to be carded back to the 14th hole to begin anew.

All three parred 14, but on 15 Haynie was short in two, and when she missed a

six-footer for a par, she was out. The survivors both parred 16 but on 17 Premise hit the shot that won the tournament, a 4-iron tee shot three feet from the cup. Blacklock's tee shot landed only 12 feet away, but her birdie putt was never close while Jo Ann's hit dead center. Jo Ann Prentice is 41 and has been on the tour since 1957, but in none of those years did she come close to making the \$32,000 she picked up on this single afternoon.

For years the women's tour wandered around somewhere out there in Waco or Muskogee, the girls pitching and putting for caddy fees and halfhearted applause, actors without an audience, grilling hamburgers out in back of the motel and trying to figure the best route from Mississippi to Maine, six in a car for a 36-hour drive. They played courses that always had a rusty sign on the first tee, **GOLFERS MUST WEAR SHIRTS**.

"It wasn't too bad playing the courses with the rubber mats for tees because they usually had nice greens," says Patty Berg. "The greenskeepers never had to spend time mowing the tees." In 1948 Patty was one of the founders of the LPGA and for years the girls' odyssey qualified them as little more than the equivalent of golf's mailmen. Through all kinds of weather they made their appointed rounds, but no one noticed. More recently, Dorna Young or Susie Berning would win the U.S. Women's Open and Kathy Whitworth would win the rest of the tournaments, and at the end of the year everyone still qualified for food stamps. In 1970 Whitworth was the leading money-winner with a mere \$30,000, and the tour's best player, Mickey Wright, was so bored that she decided to quit and take a correspondence course in finance.

Carol Mann, now president of the LPGA, told the press this year that she was so destitute early in her career that she talked to several other girls about some unathletic ways to supplement their incomes. "I was broke and desperate and too proud to go home a failure," she said.

And then along came David Foster, president of the Colgate-Palmolive Company. Foster is a precise, proper man who started with Colgate 27 years ago as a \$60-a-week trainee and now earns \$225,000 a year as its chief executive. But he also is a golf fan and in 1971 he decided to stage the first \$100,000 women's tournament. He knew he was crawling out on a corporate limb, and when they

heard about it, 10 guys who thought they were in line to succeed him undoubtedly went home chuckling about "Foster's Folly." They told their wives to get ready to be addressed as the wife of Colgate's new president, because Foster had just signed the order that eventually would serape his name off the office door.

But it has not worked out that way. The tournament's television ratings last year were in the top ten for all golf events, men's or women's. And Winners Circle flies in nicely with a \$6-million promotional campaign that has everyone from Dinah to Arnold Palmer huckstering for it. Colgate even stuck a tournament ad on the back cover of the LPGA's media guide.

But best of all for the golfers, the Winners Circle tournament has been a catalyst for the rest of the tour. This year the women will play for purses of \$1.8 million in Japan, Mexico, England, Australia and Canada as well as the U.S. There are four \$100,000 events. Last year Kathy Whitworth won a record \$85,000 and, of even more significance, the 30th girl on the money list earned \$21,000. The tour has become a genuine source of income instead of a nice place to get a tan.

"Women's golf has grown because the public is learning to accept women as people instead of sex objects," said Carol Mann on Saturday as a large gallery streamed over Mission Hills. "It used to be that people were more concerned with our faces and bodies than with our golf. Now they are concentrating on what we do best. It's nice." At least four players—Kathy Whitworth, Judy Rankin, Sandra Palmer and Laura Baugh—approached or exceeded total incomes of \$100,000 last year and several more could this season. It is getting so everyone needs a tax accountant.

There is even a group called, unofficially, the Colgate Girls. They are to women's golf what the Ziegfeld Girls were to a chorus line. They appear in company TV commercials and are paid above scale for it. You get to be a Colgate Girl by having a nice smile and diction, or by finishing in the top ten at Palm Springs.

More than anything else, last week's Winners Circle was a tournament of the women, by the women and for the women, a perfect balm for dishpan psyches. Besides the golfers and Dinah Shore, five other women were vital in staging the event—Tina Santi, deputy director of

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHWARTZ



Two birdies got Blacklock into sudden death



Heynie might have liked a 54-hole format.



Dinah produced some shots in the pro-am that left her speechless, while even old hand Patty Berg took a crack at the big dough.



Colgate's corporate relations; Ellie Rager and Barbara Fultz, who worked with ABC television; and pro golfers and TV commentators Marilyn Smith and Cathy Duggan. They pointed out with justifiable pride that it was the first time a major sports event had been conducted in large part by women. Duggan, who attended school in France and Switzerland, mildly astounded the television audience on Saturday when she began talking in French. It certainly did not sound like Byron Nelson.

From the beginning the Colgate tournament had tried to achieve a distinguished image. The first year Dinah Shore thought it would be spiffy if she rounded up a group of good-looking Hollywood types to caddy for the girls. That idea was quietly vetoed. David Foster scheduled the tournament for the week after the Masters to ingrain the date in the public's mind. He established definite entry qualifications for the field and set about hosting a lavish party that would have impressed Jay Gatsby.

Each year the company invites a select group of its suppliers and customers to two days of pro-ams before the regular tournament, and Colgate does everything for them but teach them how to brush their teeth. There are a stunning series of evening gatherings where a battalion of chefs compete in such exotic categories as ice sculpture. One night the centerpieces had goldfish swimming in them.

The Winners Circle pro-am has a rule that no one with more than a 16-handicap can play in it. Usually the pros have to endure six-hour rounds with amateurs who only took up the game a few minutes before. But not here. It is said that in 1972 even David Rockefeller was denied a spot because he was a 17.

This year there was the regular sprinkling of celebrities. Dinah hit a Jack Nicklaus shot out of the water and made a par on one hole; Lawrence Welk went "anna one, anna two" before every swing and Peter Falk set a record for freeczing over a shot. After several minutes he stepped away to announce that he had the wrong club in his hands and therefore did not want to swing, but that his grip was so perfect that he did not want to change clubs. Finally Columbo concluded, "I need a shrink to play this game."

Palm Springs is filled with guys in white shoes and white belts who want to

tell you a story about Frank Sinatra, but it has a certain resort charm that the Colgate group finds appealing. Yet for most of the week the town's considerable night life took a beating. The women golfers stayed in their rooms, chipped practice balls into the draperies and dreamed about paying off mortgages.

The Mission Hills course has been the site of all three Colgate events and it fit the women like a pretty spring dress. They didn't have to play wood shots out of wry rough, as they do at the Women's Open, since the length was only 6,300 yards, but the players had to manage the ball because the course was heavily trapped and the greens were undulating. Its most spectacular hole was the 18th, the par-five of 570 yards which has water all the way down its left side. That forced the player to hit her third shot over the water to an island green that was half an acre in size, with a putting surface that had more rolls than a circus fat lady. There were spectator stands overlooking the green and each day people who normally would have been at a demolition derby sat there and poked each other in the ribs with their elbows as the balls splashed. The players nicknamed the hole Ghouls Corner. On Thursday, when gale winds swept the area and gave everybody a freshly sandblasted look, there were only two birdies and 14 pars on the hole.

The relentless wind made it a horrible day for golf. Shelley Hamlin went to the practice tee before her round and stalked off with the comment, "I give up." She then staggered around an 92 shots. Donna Young, tied for the lead at two under, made the turn back to the clubhouse and into the wind, and bogeyed the final five holes. "It was ridiculous," she said. "You'd putt the ball and it would go up to the hole and the wind would blow it back two inches." Mann shot an 82, and Kathy Whitworth had an 80.

Premice somehow made a birdie on 18 for a 71, to trail first-round leader Betsy Cullen by a stroke, and said it was the finest golf she ever had played in 17 years on the tour. Haynie was a stroke behind her. Blalock two.

The winds died on Friday and 21 players, including the persistent Shelley Hamlin who had a 69, shot par or better. Judy Rankin also posted a 69, birdieing the 18th by cutting a five-wood third shot around a palm tree and over the water.

continued

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We offer Impala at a reasonable price. With an impressive list of standard equipment including power steering, power brakes and automatic transmission. Impala's special frame coating helps resist corrosion in salty winter road areas. Its disc brake wear sensors let you know when the linings need replacing to help save you money in the long run. Available GM specification radial tires offer less rolling resistance for improved fuel economy. Speed and cruise control you can order can help you maintain an efficient 55 mph. When you think about it, Impala's value makes a lot of sense for a lot of people today.

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Chevrolet



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Smoothness you can taste from a filter you can test.

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pack after pack.**



and she moved into a tie for the lead with Prentice. Haynie and Blalock were two strokes behind. Much of the day belonged to Laura Baugh, however, the tour's bonafide starlet and a delight for entrenched chauvinists. Wearing daisy earrings, the petite, honey blonde chipped in for an eagle on the ninth hole, her second in two days, then chipped in again on the 10th for a birdie that sent the hearts of Colgate executives fluttering as they anticipated Baugh standing curvaceously in front of sputtering flashbulbs on the victory stand Sunday. Laura had trouble the rest of the way and managed a 72, bogeying the last hole. "It always puts me in a bad mood when I bogey the last hole," she sulked.

On Saturday the leaders played as if they saw thousand dollar bills underneath their golf balls. Prentice complained about misclubbing several times en route to a 74 while Rankin hit 16 greens and walked away disillusioned with a fat 78. She three-putted four times and did not have a birdie, causing husband and critic Yippy Rankin to comment caustically, "She'll never win a big golf tournament because she can't putt."

Haynie edged into the lead with a 69 that was marred only by a bogey on the par-three 17th, where she hunkered a tee shot. She used one of those drivers that give off a ticking sound, a club with a black graphite shaft; she said it added 20 yards to her drives.

Trailing by a stroke were Kathy Cornelius, the winner of the rich Sealy event last year, Blalock and Prentice. Cornelius came to Palm Springs fresh from a trip to Florida for an emergency lesson with teaching pro Bob Toski after she messed the money in two tournaments earlier in the season. The trip cost \$1,000, but when she birdied the final two holes Saturday for a 69 she said it was worth the money. Then she slipped to a discouraging 81 the next day. Blalock shot a 70 in the third round, and went out to practice her driving. She had snapped a string of 16 consecutive winless months with a victory in Mexico in March and said she was playing with more confidence than she had in a long time.

That left only Sunday and the nervous last few steps. Afterward David Foster threw a victory party that celebrated not only Jo Ann Prentice but the rest of the LPGA players as well. One thing was certain. Women's golf would never be the same.

END



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BRUCE HARDY

ALL AMERICAN BOY

Once upon a town in Utah there was a basketball star, a football whiz, a baseball flash and an all-round excellent student. In true storybook fashion, they are all the same guy
by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

Bruce Hardy might have been dreamed up, along with his cereal-box name, to remind the world what an old-fashioned high school hero looks like. He might have descended on Bingham, Utah, appearing in the narrow canyon in the chalk-colored Oquirrh Mountains as in a vision. Somehow it all seems too perfect: that Bruce Hardy should throw touchdown passes and hit home runs on playing fields carved out of hillsides; that he should do wondrous things with a basketball in a dim, splintered bandbox of a gym; that Utah's sports-



writers should hymn the praises of "Bruce Hardy and the Mountain Men."

For Bruce Hardy to qualify as a Mountain Man, it was necessary that Bingham High first survive the bulldozers. The school remained open when Bingham itself, a storied mining town 30 miles southwest of Salt Lake City, died in the early 1960s, its saloons and frame houses torn down to allow expansion of Kennecott Copper's huge open-pit mine nearby. Bingham's residents scattered to the housing developments dotting the Salt Lake Valley to the east—but they still sent their children to the old school at the mouth of Bingham Canyon. A new Bingham High will open in the valley next year; for now, the school's 1,050 students continue traveling to be educated in a ghost town.

Bruce Hardy's father works in a welding shop in Salt Lake City, but the family's two-bedroom house is in West Jordan, a placid, virtually treeless community in the sprawling school district. Alan Hardy's boy, a senior, drives 11 miles to school each morning, passing boxy subdivisions and vast wheat fields, in a beat-up 1963 yellow Galouze. Drawing on savings from a summer construction job, Bruce Hardy paid \$200 for the clunker last year, only to have his friends facetiously refer to it as *The Bomb*. "The guys kid me about my car," he says. "I think it's pretty good."

If Bruce is assertive about so trifling a matter, it is because he has impressive appearances to keep up. He is a quiet, polite teen-ager who maintains a B-plus grade average at Bingham High and is popular enough to have been elected both junior prom king and president of the men's association. At whatever activity, from pinching pennies to climbing trees, he has excelled since earliest childhood. "People kind of look up to me," he admits. "They expect a lot from me, and I don't want to disappoint them."

Walking the crowded halls of Bingham High, hands casually tucked in the front pockets of his bell-bottomed jeans, Bruce is trailed by excited whispers of "Look, it's *him*!" His elders are scarcely more restrained. "Bruce has the respect of everybody," says Bingham Principal Tom Owen. "He's a modest, clean-cut, unbelievable young man." Basketball Coach George Sluga calls Bruce "a walking advertisement of what an athlete should be." Craig Rushon, an assistant coach, says, "He's such a terrific kid, you feel

grateful to be around him." One of his teachers jests, "We ought to name the place Bruce Hardy High and be done with it."

The object of this unbounded adulation is not yet 18. He stands 6'4", weighs 205 and is wide of shoulder and narrow of waist. His features are strong and fair and the sleepy-eyed expression under his floppy hair suggests he is but vaguely aware of his own handsomeness. He looks, in sum, like the athlete he is. Lee Benson, prep writer for Salt Lake City's *Deseret News*, calls Bruce "possibly the most gifted and versatile athlete ever to perform in a Utah high school." Others would drop the word "possibly."

At a time when specialization in sport is becoming the rule even in high school, Bruce Hardy, in fact, is likely the best all-round schoolboy athlete in the U.S. His admirers argue endlessly over which is Hardy's best sport. Competing in AAA, second largest of Utah's four classes, he was elected first-team all-state as a junior in football, baseball and basketball. Completion of the current baseball sea-

son is the formality holding up his repeat of the sweep this year. He has twice been Utah's MVP in AAA basketball and once in football (the award is not given in baseball, or else Bruce undoubtedly would have won that). He won the local Thom McAn award and was a finalist in the competition for the top U.S. scholar-football athlete. He is a co-captain in all three sports and his name graces several prep All-America teams.

The stories of his exploits are breathless and many. Like the day on the football practice field that Bruce Hardy, a strong-armed quarterback, rifled a pass so hard it shattered the intended receiver's shoulder pad. Or how Bruce Hardy, an equally hard-throwing catcher, became the first batter ever to hit a ball out of three-year-old Century Field in the neighboring town of Tooele. Or how Bruce Hardy led the Bingham Miners to AAA state basketball championships as both his junior and senior years.

The first of these titles was the more memorable, if only because Bingham won it after compiling a regular-season

continued



BEHIND BRUCE, COMING ON AS A STAR OF TOMORROW, IS BROTHER AXEL

record of 7-10. But Bruce got going in the tournament, putting on the sort of powerful yet seemingly effortless performance that is his style whatever the sport. Against Judge Memorial High of Salt Lake City in the finals, Bruce repeatedly emerged from heavy going under the backboards clutching crucial rebounds. He hit turnaround jumpers with two or three men on him. Ordinarily a forward, he brought the ball upcourt against Judge's fullcourt press. He scored 34 points and then, following Bingham's 77-69 overtime win, he shuffled his feet and declared, "There are no glory boys in this dressing room."

Though Bruce obviously deports himself well, he is not always at ease in his Jack Armstrong role. The pressures of being a great athlete can be as severe in high school as they are later. "Some of the kids probably think I'm stuck up because I don't always say, 'Hi,'" Bruce frets. "But I can't say 'Hi' to everybody. I enjoy being a good athlete, but sometimes I wish I could just be one of the crowd."

There are moments when Hardy does seem to be just another teen-ager. Notwithstanding his good grades, he confides, "I really don't study very hard." At lunch hour he and several cronies perch on a railing in a Bingham High hallway and watch the girls go by. With two or three buddies he enrolled in a home economics course for senior boys known as "bachelor survival." Levity reigned. There was Bruce, seated one morning behind a sewing machine, backstitching an apron and cheerfully admitting, "A seamstress I'll never be." (When Owen, the principal, says that "Bruce can really thread the needle," he is referring to the boy's accuracy at throwing a football.)

But there also is a serious, even brooding, side to Bruce's nature. Bingham's student body is three-fourths Mormon, and Bruce observes the faith enough to attend Sunday priesthood meetings and once noted in an English theme that drinking and smoking were "less desirable forms of escape" than athletics. At home he used to share a bedroom with his younger brother Axel, but last summer he moved his bed to the basement, where he sleeps in dank, cement-block solitude. "It's quieter down there for reading and listening to music," he explains.

In temperament Bruce and his 16-year-

old brother are vastly different. A Bingham sophomore, Axel stands 6'2", throws and shoots left-handed but is otherwise a lookalike for his brother. An emerging three-sport star in his own right, he quickly became starting half-back on Bingham's football team, first-string guard in basketball and pitcher—and Bruce's batterymate—in baseball. But he is more the happy-go-lucky type. "I keep telling Bruce to relax," says Axel.

Despite such advice, however, Bruce worries about the future. He has had feelings to play basketball from as far away as Villanova and Florida State. Big-league baseball scouts have hovered near. But his ambition is to be a pro quarterback and he plans to concentrate on football in college. This decision touched off a lively recruiting war that ended when he signed a tender last January with Arizona State.

It was an obvious coup for Frank Kush, the Sun Devils' coach. Bruce throws a football 65 yards with accuracy, and since ASU's All-America, Danny White, has used up his eligibility, Kush is encouraging about Hardy's chances of starting at quarterback as a freshman. "He's got everything—ability, intelligence and attitude," Kush says.

Still, it is no more certain that the best schoolboy athlete will star in college or the pros than it is that the smartest schoolboy will ever become president. For all his gifts, Hardy is not exceptionally fast afoot and has trouble throwing on roll-outs. This should be no real handicap in Kush's pro-style offense, but even his most ardent admirers worry about how easily Bruce can step into the glamorous role of college quarterback.

"I hope these mountains haven't sheltered him too much," says Coach Sluga. The fear is that Bruce might be too much the country boy, too much the product of a thinly populated area where a lot of folks drive pickup trucks and say, "You betcha." There is the hint of a twang in Bruce's voice, and his speech contains roughhewn constructions like, "I done good in that game." Until he flew off to visit Colorado State, one of three Western Athletic Conference rivals vying with Arizona State for his football services—the others were Utah and Brigham Young—Bruce had never been inside an airplane. Did he have a window seat? You betcha.

But the big time may not overwhelm him so easily. Going to school in Bingham

has not left Bruce entirely untouched by cosmopolitan influences. In its heyday Bingham was a brawling, wide-open place picturesquely nestled in a canyon so narrow it was said that dogs had to wag their tails vertically. Its 8,000 residents, an ethnic mix including Greeks, Poles, Slavs and Japanese, all lived on a single thoroughfare, a four-mile-long Main Street that wound its way between steep canyon walls. Its menfolk worked in the open-pit mine, a hole in the ground two miles in diameter and five city blocks deep.

There is obvious symbolism in the fact that the terraced mine resembles a surreal stadium. Bingham was a sports-mad town whose youth thought nothing of playing tackle football on boulder-strewn fields. When Bingham High won the state basketball championship in 1960 Mayor Joe Dispenza shouted himself so hoarse that he spoke in a near-whisper for years. And it was a source of pride when that humble crewman in Bingham's mine, Gene Fullmer, became world middleweight champion.

But when Bingham began to fade, sports declined. The skid ended with the arrival of Bruce Hardy. Bingham figures to keep on winning with kid brother Axel, who may well become Bruce's equal as an athlete.

Two or three more Hardy boys would have been all right with Bingham fans, too, but nobody can accuse Alan Hardy of not making the most of what he has. A slender, rawboned man with slicked-back hair, the elder Hardy has a folksy, Gomer Pyle manner, yet is purposeful enough to have set out to make his first-born son "the athlete I never was." He hit fly balls to Bruce for hours on end, organized a kids' football team for him to play on and put him through shooting drills on the backboard on their driveway. To sharpen his son's outside shot he used his welding tools to fit a smaller hoop inside the regulation rim, making it harder to score. "I read somewhere that Adolph Rupp recommended it," says Alan Hardy. The father demanded perfection of the son, harshly upbraidng him for striking out or dropping the ball. "If he's going to play, he should play right," Hardy said. "Besides, that's the only way he'll ever get to college." His wife intervened only occasionally. "Sometimes he was a bit rough," recalls Louann Hardy. "But I could see where it was paying off."

continued



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Analysis based on competitive product advertising as of Mar. 10, 1974

LEADING CLUBS	IRONS		WOODS		
	HEEL & TOE WEIGHTING	LOW CENTER OF GRAVITY	HEEL & TOE WEIGHTING	WEIGHTING UP FRONT	LOW CENTER OF GRAVITY
SPALDING TOP-FLITE	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
ACUSHNET TITLEIST	✓				
WILSON 1200	✓	✓		✓	
PGA RYDER CUP II	✓	✓	✓		
WILSON STAFF	✓				
HAGEN ULTRAQWEE II	✓	✓		✓	
HOGAN DIRECTOR IRONS/ APEX WOODS	✓				
POWER BILT THOROUGHbred	✓				
MacGREGOR TOURNEY	✓	✓	✓		

Dy-Nertial™ weighting in both woods and irons

Read the ads and you realize there are as many weighting systems as there are club manufacturers.

But, only Spalding Top-Flite puts the weight in *all* the critical control areas — and in both the woods and the irons. Heel and toe

weighting in *both* woods and irons. A low center of gravity in *both* woods and irons. Plus, weighting up front in the clubface of the woods.

If the only off-center hits you made were to the right or left of center, heel and toe weighting would be enough. But, most golfers also hit "thin" a lot. So, a low center of gravity is essential, too.

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A white rum martini?!

In New York, in Los Angeles, in Chicago people are discovering the way to a smoother martini. Make it with white Puerto Rican rum instead of gin or vodka.

Eight months ago the white rum martini was so "in" we were the only ones drinking it. So we ran an ad telling everyone how delicious it was.

We raised more eyebrows than glasses. Or so we thought.

Then something began to happen. The bartender at Charley O's, one of New York's most popular bars, began to get occasional calls for the white rum martini. A host made a batch of white rum martinis for his gin-drinking friends. Lo and behold—they liked it! The white rum martini was on its way.

But when you're excited about something, things never seem to move fast enough. So we decided to erase any doubt left in people's minds about the merits of a martini made with white rum from Puerto Rico versus a martini made with gin or vodka.

Large-scale taste test launched

We authorized a large-scale study to compare gin, vodka and white rum. And to compare them in their purest form. Straight.

Some 500 drinkers in 20 major cities tasted all three without being told which was which.

Appearances didn't give them any clue. You see, white rum is every bit as clear as gin and vodka.

White rum a clear winner

The result was a definite preference for the taste of white rum



Over gin. And over vodka.

The reason most often given for their preference was smoothness.



Gin, vodka, and white rum for the taste test. White rum was preferred for its smoothness.

Time and time again we heard it: "This one is smoother."

That came as no surprise to us. We age white rum for just that purpose. In fact, every drop of every

brand of white Puerto Rican rum must be aged for no less than one year—by law.

End the myth

If you thought all rum was dark and sweet and very unmartini-like, try a martini made with white rum from Puerto Rico. Better still, have one every night for a week. Bask in seven nights of delicious smoothness. Then try going back to a martini made with gin or vodka. Then and only then do you realize—there it is, no going back.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS



Looking back, Bruce agrees. "When I played bad, I knew I was going to get when I got home," he says. "My father would yell at me, and I'd beg him to leave me alone. Sometimes I'd cry, and my mom would, too. But it wasn't as bad as it sounds. I'm glad he pushed me. Othguys had ability, but they never became good athletes because they weren't pushed."

As good as Alan Hardy's boy became, Bingham High did not completely shake losing ways during his sophomore year, and Bruce, nicknamed "Super Aph," settled for all-region honors in every sport. For Bruce's junior year Football Coach Roy Whitworth installed a o-type offense to take advantage of his sarterback's arm. Leading Bingham to 5-4 record, its first winning season in 40 years, Bruce threw for 1,409 yards in 20 touchdowns, including several mbs of 50 yards or more. On defense played safety, leading the team in unsisted tackles and interceptions.

Next came the unexpected state baseball championship—Bruce averaged .6 for the season—and then, as night flows day, similar heroics in baseball. Bingham was 10-6 in Bruce's junior year. He hit .480 and played five different sitions. He was the starting pitcher in 4-1 win over Morgan, striking out 12 five innings before driving off to attend an all-state banquet. After a final am stole nine bases against Bingham, ruce told Coach Son Sudbury, "Let me rch. I can do better than that."

Sudbury agreed and his new catcher slivered. In a 2-1 loss at Tooele, witnessed by a Cincinnati Reds scout, Bruce iew out two men trying to steal. But also went hitless, striking out twice against a pitcher the Reds signed for a bonus. Cincinnati's book on Hardy: Tremendous arm but he's got to hit better." Angelo Cerroni, a local scout for e Oakland A's, admits to no reservations about Bruce's baseball potential silling him "the best high school athlete ve seen in 20 years."

Less *The Adventures of Bruce Hardy* s confined to only three sports, Bruce sok up tennis last spring for the first time just for fun." He played a few times, en beat the No. 1 man on Bingham igh's team in straight sets. While that nblished his reputation as a natural hlete, any trace of doubt about his competitiveness vanished when Bruce, playing volleyball in a coed gym class, became

vexed by the indifferent efforts of the girls on his team. As he grumbled at the girls, one of them, a diminutive sophomore, assured herself a permanent place in the lore of Bingham High. "Damn it, Hardy," she snapped, "it's only a game."

There were similar tensions during football season last fall. Bingham's team was rattled by graduation, forcing Bruce to operate behind a small inexperienced line. In the opening game, a 28-6 loss to Brighton, he was repeatedly dropped for big losses. Doing some unaccustomed scrambling, he was intercepted five times. He had no time to get off long passes, and Whitworth wisely had him rely on flares and screens the rest of the year. But the receivers were also green—and the season became a nightmare of dropped passes and other misplays.

That Bingham still produced a 6-3-1 record is a tribute to Bruce. "We would have won two games without him," says Whitworth. Forced to run more, Bruce also kicked PATs and field goals and was ubiquitous on defense. But his passing statistics slipped to 14 TDs and 1,125 yards, and the frustrations got to him. "I dropped a pass in the end zone," says Wayne Groves, a split end. "Bruce was good and mad. He didn't say anything but in the huddle he just stood there hitting his hands together."

Conscious that college recruiters were looking on, Bruce was often unhappy with his own play as well. So was his father. Alan Hardy claims to have mellowed, saying, "My boys have become so good that I can't teach them much anymore." But Bruce's erratic performance in a 35-12 loss to Davis was too much for him. "You played pathetic!" he shouted when Bruce came home. "What college is going to want you?" Bruce left the house in tears.

But colleges did want him and Frank Kush and the other coaches who came to Bingham had the glint in their eyes of the prospectors who once arrived in quest of gold, silver and copper.

In finally deciding on Arizona State, Bruce chose a college that a girl friend, for one, had disapproved of ever since Bruce visited Tempe in December. "He told me it was so warm there that the girls didn't wear much clothes," she said, grinning. Weather, in fact, did influence Bruce, who liked the idea of throwing the football in a warm climate. He also was impressed by Kush's winning record. "He's like my dad," Bruce says. "He's

a pressure-type guy. If you're super, he expects you to play super."

Never in any sport has Bruce played more super than during the past basketball season. Bingham won the state title more convincingly this time, rolling up an 18-2 record, the highlight of the regular season being a 100-66 rout of Judge Memorial, the team Bingham had upset in the state finals the year before. As 2,700 fans whooped it up in Bingham's gym, Bruce Hardy and the Mountain Men jumped to a 10-1 lead. With Bruce blocking shots, triggering the fast break and scoring at will, the thankless job of stopping him fell to Judge's Tad Mancini, a 6'6" bean pole with choirboy features and mischief in his heart.

As his frustration mounted, Tad leaned on Bruce, and tattooed him with hands and elbows. Annoyance flushed across Bruce's face. With two minutes left, Tad pulled Bruce's jersey, stretching it out as if it were a tent. In sudden fury, Bruce wheeled and caught Tad with a sharp right. The punch caused no real damage, but both players were ejected from the game.

The excitement did not end there. With four seconds to go, Bingham called time to present the game ball to Bruce, whose 29 points put him eight over the 1,000 mark for his career. As Hardy rose from the bench to which he had been banished, Judge Coach Jim Yerkovich angrily led his team off the court. "Why didn't they hold the ceremony when he actually got the points?" Yerkovich demanded. The last four seconds were never played.

Afterward Bruce was subdued. "I shouldn't have hit him," he muttered. "I should have controlled myself."

Considering the demands of being an old-fashioned high school hero, it might be said that Bruce Hardy has controlled himself, in general, rather well. He was calm enough, certainly, the night last October that somebody broke into his Galaxie and swiped his letterman's jacket. It happened while Bruce and a date were watching *American Graffiti* in a Salt Lake City theater and, fortunately, he was able to buy a new jacket a few days later.

The culprits might have been overzealous trophy hunters, and Bruce might even be right when he says, "They probably know me." His jacket evidently had high value for the thieves. They left behind Bruce's tape deck and his date's purse, both of which were also in the car.

The camera-packing family of five consulted urgently outside the International Swimming Hall of Fame, uncertain about entering. Suddenly the door flew open, and into the sunlight of the balmy Fort Lauderdale day stepped a piratical figure in a black eye patch. It was Buck Dawson, the hall's executive director. "I'll let you all in for three bucks and I'll throw in free skin-diving hooks for the kids," Dawson said. And he ushered the visitors inside, grinning unashamedly as the father reached for his wallet.

The family admission rate at the hall is always \$3 and Dawson's proffered skin-diving hooks were moldering with age, but he honestly believes that everybody should visit swimming's sacred shrine—and he is not above a bit of oversell on that cause. And who can blame him? Cooperstown and Canton may bask in the reflected glory of big-league professional sport, but the pilgrim will also find inspiration at the Swimming Hall of Fame, a \$1.5-million complex consisting of a handsome whitewashed museum next door to an Olympic-size municipal pool, all of it splendidly situated beside the wide Intracoastal Waterway.

Unfortunately, the Fort Lauderdale shrine is forced to compete with horse racing, juai alai and all the other giddy enticements of Florida's Gold Coast, not the least being the beach barely a block away. In a place so hedonistically caught up in the present, a tourist attraction devoted to the past can be easily overlooked. Besides hustling customers at the front door, Dawson combats this situation by valiantly promoting the hall with productions so lavish they all but collapse under their own weight. Indeed, no sooner had he settled into his job in 1964 than he was nearly fired by the shrine's board of directors, whose sensibilities were offended by a couple of his more ambitious water shows.

One early extravaganza was the dedication of the hall's pool, a year after Dawson became executive director. It was his idea to empty into the new pool bottles of water drawn from the English Channel, the several oceans and Olympic pools the world over. Dawson also included a bottle of rainwater, which he invoked on calling "water from heaven," whereupon it was solemnly poured by a

pro wrestler billed as the French Angel. Then Dawson trotted out Ted Williams, that noted sport fisherman, who reeled in three harnessed and struggling swimmers. As the festivities reached the four-hour mark, the restless audience hooted and whistled. A befuddled Dawson neglected to introduce Sam Snead and Julius Boros, two of the many celebrities he had indiscriminately invited.

At that, Snead and Boros may have fared better than Johnny Weissmuller, whom Dawson persuaded to settle in Fort Lauderdale at one point to help promote the Hall of Fame. Dawson often seemed less interested in Weissmuller's swimming career than in his subsequent role as filmdom's Tarzan. Another water show featured a monkey that Dawson passed off as Chetah, a ruse exposed when the animal rudely relieved himself on Tarzan's shoulder. Weissmuller suffered the further indignity of sharing top billing with the horse that the White Knight had ridden in TV commercials for Ajax.

Having somehow survived these excesses, Dawson now admits, "My trouble when I first arrived in Florida was that I didn't know when to stop. There usually wasn't enough, well, room to what I did. For a while there I guess I thought I was Flo Ziegfeld."

Despite this chastened air, it is with undiminished zeal that Dawson rents out the hall's auditorium for sock hops, weddings and meetings of a local seashell club. He briefly let an evangelist use the palm-fringed lawn for revival meetings, and enlivens the annual induction of immortals with a footprints-in-cement ceremony à la Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Dawson has also shamelessly exploited the shrine's 12-ton abstract statue inspired by Mark Spitz, which he unveiled last summer, dedicated a few months later and now talks of christening. Then there is Spitz' inev-

itable induction into the Hall of Fame when the mandatory five-year waiting period ends in 1977. All this is in addition to the dog that Dawson has adopted as the shrine's official mascot, a 2-year-old Spitz named, naturally, Mark.

Because of his flair for ballyhoo, it is tempting to mistake Dawson for just another of Fort Lauderdale's wheeler-dealer promoters. There is the fact that Dawson, who swims none too well himself, got into the sport only through marriage after working in such disparate capacities as publicist and hosiery salesman. There also is that sinister eye patch. He injured his left eye in an auto accident two decades ago and now makes the condition his trademark by sketching an eye patch when signing his name. He delights in being taken for Israel's Moshe Dayan, the resemblance owing as much to a receding hairline and snaggletoothed grin as to the patch. Visiting Expo 67 in Montreal, Dawson stopped at the Israeli pavilion, where he caused the desired sensation. More recently, passing through a Fort Lauderdale hotel lobby he overheard a woman whisper, "Isn't that Moshe Dayan?" Dawson waved and said, "Shalom."

With equal audacity Dawson has labeled Hall of Fame parking places with the names of Weissmuller and such other celebrated ex-swimmers as Eleanor Holm and Buster Crabbe, leaving the impression that all might be arriving in their cars at any moment. Weissmuller became a greeter at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas, but his name still graces the door to what is ostensibly his old Hall of Fame office. The door, in fact, opens onto a storage closet.

INTO THE POOL WITH A SEAL OF APPROVAL

Swimming's Hall of Fame was floundering until Buck Dawson, who can barely stay afloat himself, turned on the ballyhoo with gimmicks like his seal and a Spitz named Mark by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM



For all that, Dawson has an ingenious air about him that makes him seem less huckster than prankster. Despite a cornball sense of humor and occasional lapses of taste, he comes across as nothing so much as a 53-year-old fraternity boy. "I'm not hung up on that dignity stuff the way some people are," he says. "I like to have fun. But I'm trying to entertain people, not fool them." Significantly, it is usually Dawson himself who reveals to visitors the truth about Weissmuller's "office."

Certainly nobody can suggest that Dawson took his job for the money. The swimming hall languished during its early years, and annual paid attendance has not yet exceeded 6,000. As recently as 1971 Dawson earned less than \$9,000 and could truthfully say of his periodic difficulties with the hall's directors, "The only reason they *didn't* fire me is that nobody else would take the job for the salary they offered."

Determined to brighten the financial picture, Dawson tried an endless succession of fund-raising gimmicks, most of which failed miserably. Then, borrowing a scheme that had been used by clubs in Canada, he came up with Swim-A-Thons, in which swimmers elicit pledges from parents and neighbors to contribute a penny for every practice lap completed. The youngster's club was to keep 70% , with 5% going to charity, another 5% to the International Travel Fund for U.S. swim teams and the 20% to the Hall of Fame. Astonishingly, \$120,000 poured into Dawson's office in 1972 and \$212,000 more last year. Suddenly, the swim shrine was solvent, a status achieved by very few sports halls of fame.

Reveling in sudden prosperity, the board of directors recently raised Dawson's salary to \$18,000. Instead of cries for his scalp, suggestions are now heard that he is some sort of madcap genius. "Nobody could have ridden out the tough years the way Buck did," exults Board Chairman Charles Silva, the swim coach at Springfield College.

Booned by such unaccustomed flattery, it is in an upbeat mood that Dawson, shirtless in hopes of improving his tan, drives his battered Mustang convertible these days to the Hall of Fame. Slipping into his shirt as he enters, he banters with employees and visitors. Spying

continued

Sharrin Morgan, the tall, slender manager of the hall's bookstore, he whispers in an aside, "We stole her from the Basketball Hall of Fame." If a group of schoolchildren is on hand, he will lead the youngsters on a guided tour, another of his many functions.

A typical Dawson tour yields a trove of oddball information, some of it possibly true. Whisking the visitors past ubiquitous swimsuits and trophies, he breathlessly assures them that Ethelda Bleibtrey was the first champion swimmer to bob her hair. He confides that Betty Becker Pinkston was the only diver to win a national championship while pregnant with twins. He reveals that Canada's Pierre Trudreau was "the first chief of state to swim the butterfly stroke." Other sports shrines may treat their immortals as godlike, but Dawson also advises the kiddies which famous woman swimmer died of alcoholism, having made the mistake of giving up water for Scotch.

Suddenly, in mid-tour, Dawson points to a large photo above a drinking fountain. It shows a bare-chested Weissmuller swooping through the trees. "Know how Tarzan got his famous cry?" he asks. He turns on the fountain and the water arcs upward, seemingly into Weissmuller's loincloth. Everybody laughs, nobody more delightedly than Dawson himself.

His enthusiasm for his work has enabled Dawson to overcome his late start and become one of swimming's leading authorities. Still, he remains above all a promoter. It has been said about Dawson, as about other successful tub-thumpers, that of every hundred ideas he dreams up, only one is worthwhile. Yet Richard (Moon) Mullins, a Fort Lauderdale public-relations man, marvels that "in Buck's case even the *bad* ideas seem to work." Mullins is an old friend who lends a hand at promoting the hall, all the while insisting that Dawson scarcely needs such help.

"Buck has an innate instinct for attracting attention," Mullins says. "I don't know how he gets away with some of the things he does. My only contribution is to tone him down a little."

One of Dawson's more outlandish ideas was a proposed canine swimming race called the Dog-Paddle Derby. A compulsive punster (of a woman vocalist who performs at hall functions, he says, "She's a diva, not a swimmer"), he decreed that lapdogs would be ineligible

for what, after all, would be a one-lap race. Dawson was finally muzzled by city officials, who protested that the event would violate health ordinances. The idea nevertheless reaped a bonanza of publicity, including a headline in the *Memphis Herald-Examiner*: IT'S A DOGGONE SHAME!

Considering his naughty-boy air, it is not really surprising to learn that Dawson was born on Halloween, the year being 1920. He grew up in Easton, Pa., where his father, Cecil, was president of the Dixie Cup Company. Dawson tells of having been a shrinking violet as a boy. He gained confidence as a track star and football southack at New Jersey's Blair Academy, and after enrolling at the University of Michigan in 1939 frenetically signed up for what he remembers with unblinking precision to be 17 extracurricular activities. But being a BMOC took its toll in grades and soon he ended up in just one activity: World War II.

Lieut. William Dawson was a much-decorated glider trooper who landed in Holland and marched into Berlin with the famed 82nd Airborne. Today, however, he prefers talking about publicity work he performed at division headquarters. He recounts the time he secured Marlene Dietrich's autograph on a pair of pink satin garters for a GI war-bond rally, and of escorting Ingrid Bergman on a tour of ravaged Berlin after the war. "For some reason I've always been a hero-worshiper," he says. This may explain why, anxious to impress Bergman, he jumped off Hitler's balcony during a visit to the Reich Chancellery.

"I really racked myself up," he says. "My legs were up in my chest, and I was sore for weeks. The next year, 1947, I was back in the States and I saw Bergman on Broadway. I went backstage and she said, 'Oh, you're the damn fool who jumped off Hitler's balcony.' Then I knew it had been worth it."

Returning to Michigan, Dawson finally graduated in 1948, but not before scouring the campus as a talent scout for a West Coast modeling agency (or so he represented himself to impressionable coeds). He also arranged a tryout with the Detroit Tigers for a young prospect who promptly disappeared after purging the team's Florida training camp of wallets and jewelry. An ill-fated scheme to sell nylon vending machines followed, after which Dawson was hired by Vick's with the grand title of assistant product

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manager for cough drops and inhalers. After the outbreak of the Korean War, Dawson wound up in the Army in Europe again, and it was during this hitch that he suffered his eye injury. The head-on collision came in 1953 on a winding road in Germany while Dawson was driving, he says mysteriously, to meet a countess.

Dawson has written books on subjects ranging from the Civil War to volcanoes, and his most productive output came during his convalescence from the auto accident. Buck in Ann Arbor in 1955, he met Rose Mary Mann Corson, a recently widowed mother of three. Rose Mary was the daughter of Matt Mann, Michigan's illustrious swimming coach, and had gone out with Buck once as a Michigan freshman. "We took a bus to a fraternity party," she recalls. "Buck sang and showed off the whole trip. He was thnoxious."

After the '55 meeting, they were married. Plunging into his father-in-law's sport, Dawson organized the Ann Arbor Swim Club, which under Rose Mary's coaching became a power in the late '50s. Rose Mary is a bright, lively woman who now says, "Buck didn't work, but he made sure that I did."

Dawson kept busy enough. He joined his wife as co-director of the girls' camp that Matt Mann had founded in northern Ontario in the 1920s. There he began training marathon swimmers (he modestly declines to call himself a coach), eventually developing two campers, Marty Stein and Diana Nyad, into world-record holders. Camp Ak-O-Mak's emphasis on sports rather than handicrafts is reflected in its motto: "We don't sew beads on belts." The words were Matt Mann's, spoken before his death in 1962, but the inspiration to make like Madison Avenue with them was, naturally, Buck Dawson's.

Dawson was also chairman of the AAU committee to select a Hall of Fame site, a role that led to his own selection as the new shrine's executive director. The choice of Fort Lauderdale was as logical as any: the city is the Venice of America, so called because it is honeycombed with canals, and it has long been a Christmas training center for college swim teams. Visiting swimmers, in fact, are credited with spreading the word up north that resulted in Fort Lauderdale's annual Easter invasion of beer-guzzling undergraduates.

continued

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INTO THE POOL continued

As for Buck Dawson, his was more like a one-man invasion. Operating temporarily out of Fort Lauderdale's Backeye Building, an aptly named headquarters for a one-eyed fellow named Buck, he soon was making news with widely trumpeted revelations that Ben Franklin had been a swimming coach and oceanographer. Dawson later engineered Franklin's induction into the hall, lauding him, incontrovertibly, as "the only honoree with his picture on legal tender." The 135 honorees inducted so far also include Esther Williams, who was immortalized over protests that her competitive record was actually quite mortal.

Confessed hero-worshiper that he is, Dawson says, "Esther Williams' movies did more to promote swimming than anything I can think of. Besides, I like to create an aura about our honorees."

Besides swim meets, weddings and the rest, the irrepensible Dawson has made the shrine headquarters for both the Swim Facility Operators Association of America and the American Swimming Coaches Association. Referring to swimming as "the mother activity," he decks the hall with exhibits on almost anything remotely related to water: canoeing, ocean currents, irrigation, driftwood.

It has been suggested that Dawson spreads himself too thin. "Buck doesn't know how to delegate authority," says G. Harold Martin, a Fort Lauderdale lawyer and Hall of Fame booster. Martin notes that Dawson writes and edits the hall's yearbook, which is invariably filled with misspellings. He also complains that Dawson leaves in the summer to run Camp Ak-O-Mak and is frequently away at other times collecting memorabilia and money.

But nobody questions Dawson's dedication to his work. "Buck used to come before our conventions and say, 'Let me talk about the hall for five minutes—I promise not to mention money,'" recalls John Spanuth, a former AAU national aquatics administrator and now head of the Kennedy Foundation's Special Olympics. "Then he'd beg for money for 40 minutes. Now everybody is careful to schedule him last on the agenda." Though few in swimming have failed to hear his pitch a dozen times, Dawson complains, "Half the audience has left by the time I speak. How can I get my message across?"

There is an urgency about Dawson that becomes particularly pronounced

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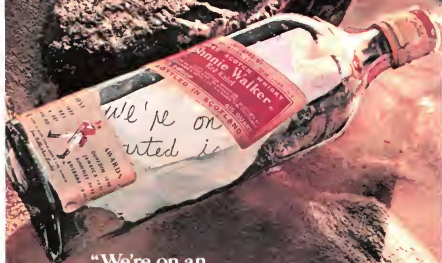
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during the hall's annual induction festivities in December. At the most recent ceremony he seemed to be everywhere at once. It was a sharp-eyed Dawson, for example, who caught the Pepsi man delivering 100 cases to the hall instead of the 100 cases that had been ordered. It was Dawson, too, who arrived the morning of the induction dinner to oversee installation of loudspeakers for a planned phone call from a Las Vegas hospital where Johnny Weissmuller was recovering from a broken hip.

"Are you the telephone man?" Dawson demanded, rushing up to a bewildered tourist visiting the hall with his wife.

At another moment, Dawson mislaid his speech. "Buck even loves his eye patch," sighed Rose Mary Dawson, marshaling her children (besides the three by her first marriage, she and Buck have a 14-year-old daughter) to look for it. The speech was found, Weissmuller phoned that night as planned ("Give my best to the whole bunch"), and 10 honorees were solemnly inducted to musical fanfare provided by Pele Tiki and her Hawaiians. The ladies in long dresses and gowns in jackets and ties seemed only mildly surprised when Dawson, not content with Mark the Spitz, led out a trained seal named Salty and formally designated him "the official seal of the Hall of Fame Corporation."

Next morning the hall sponsored a mile-long ocean swim off Fort Lauderdale's shore. Dawson offered a lift to the event to Jim Havender, a retired lawyer who at 82 bills himself as the World's Oldest Lifeguard (SI, June 18, 1973). Afterward Dawson blithely drove off alone, leaving Havender, whose shirt and shoes were in the car, to hitch a ride home by himself.

Dawson also seemed distracted as he journeyed a few days later to a more distant destination, Everglades City on Florida's Gulf Coast. Though he had made the 100-mile trip many times, he got to talking and somehow drove 40 miles out of his way. Discovering the error, he stopped at a rest area, where he absently walked into the ladies' room.

At length Dawson reached Everglades City, a drowsy fishing hamlet where he had recently sunk most of his savings, buying up a bank and an inn, both abandoned. Once a lively place where three Presidents—Hoover, Truman and Eisenhower—went deep-sea fishing, Ever-

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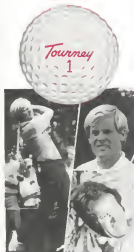
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INTO THE POOL Continued

glades City was devastated by Hurricane Donna in 1960, a blow compounded when the county seat moved to Naples two years later. Buck Dawson hopes to rejuvenate the town, a dream he spun beneath a slowly revolving fan in the Everglades cafe.

"This is where I'd live if I had my druthers," Dawson told some locals in the cafe. "In the meantime, I'm going to make that bank into a tourist attraction. It'll include a Presidential Fishing Hall of Fame and the world's largest collection of stuffed fish. And you know that banyan tree outside?" The locals nodded blankly. "We'll run a ramp up it and turn it into Johnny Weissmuller's Treehouse Art Gallery."

An hour later Dawson was conferring with Mayor Mildred Cooke, a chain-smoking woman whose backcountry manner was belied by white patent boots and tight slacks. "This is where I'd live if I had my druthers," Dawson said.

"We hope to encourage you in your plans here, Mr. Dawson," replied the mayor.

Suddenly Dawson drew back. "I really mean to do some of these things," he hedged. "The only question is when."

On the drive back to Fort Lauderdale, Dawson elaborated. "There's something about Everglades City that I love, but I don't want those people to think I'm just another big talker. I'm just so pressed for time. My life is like a delicatessen. I need a lot on the shelves."

It may be that Dawson is simply unable to spread himself any thicker. Besides his plans for Everglades City, he has talked lately of enlisting clergymen for a "blessing" of Fort Lauderdale's fleet of pleasure boats and of finally doing something about the Hall of Fame's attendance, perhaps by putting up directional signs on highways. Also awaiting action is a suggestion that Moon Mullins passed along to Dawson one afternoon in the Hall of Fame lobby. Concerned lest Mark the Spitz and Sally the Seal get lonely, Mullins inquired, "Hey, how about a mascot named Buster the Crab?"

"Great!" cried Dawson. "Let's do it!" Moving to a spot near the front door, he said, "We'll put the crab in a tank right here." Then he howled. As the laughter rattled through the lobby, a couple of pilgrims poked their heads around a corner to see who in swimming's sacred shrine was causing the unholy commotion.

END

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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

A part score can be a big deal

The casual bridge player rarely gets excited over the result of a part-score deal, which is not entirely surprising. One would not expect a player's heart to hammer over the struggle to make a partial as it does when some 1,500 to 2,000 points hang on the success or failure of a grand slam. After all, how much is a part score worth?

Not even the experts are sure. They do know that it is worth more than the bonus of 50 points awarded to it in duplicate, where a partial *can* yield as many match points as a slam. But what about the value of a partial in a rubber game? Swiss expert Jean Besse, one of the world's best players, once kept a record of more than 1,000 part-score situations and came up with an estimate that a score of 40 or more really was worth an additional 90 points when not vulnerable, 110 points when vulnerable against non-vulnerable opponents and 220 points with both sides vulnerable. And there are some who consider that these figures are on the low side when taking into account players who

overreact when the opponents already have a part score.

Whatever the "average" figure may be, an exact value becomes apparent when making or defeating a part-score contract wins or saves a rubber. The latter was the case in this very pretty deal. You are invited to sit East, looking only at North's cards and your own until the moment of truth arrives.

Dummy's 9 of hearts was played on the opening lead. East won with the king and returned a heart to dummy's queen. East ducked the next lead, dummy's king of clubs, on which declarer played the 2 and West the 6. Since the 3 was missing, and West's card might have been the beginning of a high-low to show a doubleton, East could not be sure that South didn't hold five clubs, so he ducked the jack as well, winning the third club lead with the ace. West, in the meantime, followed suit with the 8 and 9, placing the only outstanding club—the queen—in South's hand. As East, what would you do now?

Stop a moment and count declarer's known tricks: two hearts and two clubs, plus a third club if he can get to his hand. He must also have something else in spades and/or diamonds for his bid, but if one of those "somethings" is an ace, the contract cannot be beaten. With the ace of diamonds, declarer could not be stopped from scoring three clubs, two hearts, a diamond and a spade before you can get seven tricks; with the spade ace, he can take two spades, three clubs and two hearts. Therefore, partner must be credited with both aces if the contract is to be defeated, and this makes the problem clearer. If South can be prevented from getting to his hand to cash his third club winner, he might not be able to make seven tricks.

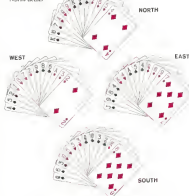
Assuming that declarer has no aces, he has to be "given" the diamond king to make his bid correct. In that case, what will he do if you lead the diamond queen? (You are willing to concede one trick in diamonds, as long as South does not win it.) Having decided, you lead that card. South covers and your partner wins with the ace, and reverts to hearts to force out dummy's ace as you discard a spade.

Declarer's next effort to get to his hand must be via spades. He knows that if he were to lead dummy's king, both opponents would duck, so even though he is reasonably sure West has the ace (you have turned up with everything so far), he has to chance leading to his queen. When he does, your partner wins and cashes the jack of hearts, on which declarer must discard a low diamond from dummy. You do likewise, and West leads a spade. Now it doesn't matter what declarer elects to do. You are sure to win a spade trick and a diamond trick to defeat the contract. **END**

Both sides vulnerable


North-South 60

North dealer



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1 ♠	PASS	1 NT	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: 2 of hearts



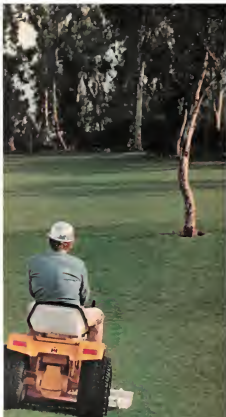
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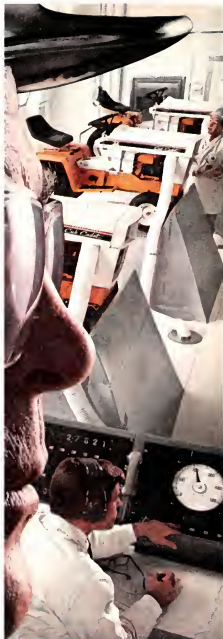
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

by HAROLD PETERSON

James of the Plaza, of New York, has been appointed official hair stylist for the New York Jets. Asked what he planned to do about players wearing crew cuts, James said, "They all get hairpieces made out of AstroTurf."

Reggie Jackson, of the Oakland A's, was obviously happy after his dramatic three-run homer beat Texas 4-2. "There's no feeling like hitting a home run to win a game," he said. "It's better than making love." Jackson was challenged on the point. "If you hit home runs like that," he retorted, "you can get all the love you want."

◆ Boston Bruin Goalie Gilles Gilbert found that his face mask was pressing his bangs down over his eyes, obstructing his view, so before the Bruins' first playoff game against Chicago he got a trim. Then he went out and cheerfully gave up four goals, losing 4-2. Now what? An AstroTurf wig?

On top of the news that the World Team Tennis franchise in Boston will henceforth be called the Lobsters (heh, heh), we have an even more unsettling piece of information. The World Hockey Association leader in penalty minutes this year was Gord Galbraith of the Minnesota Fighting 7 a nts.

When Philadelphia 76ers' President **Irv Kosloff** called the coin toss at the NBA draft, he said "heads." That cost him No. 1 choice—and rights to negotiate for Bill Walton. The coin came up tails. Then they reenacted the fateful flip three more times for the cameramen. Three straight times the coin came up heads.

◆ Clyde enjoys driving through heavy traffic under the basket, but New York streets are too much. Although he owns a \$20-



000 Rolls-Royce, the Knicks' **Walt Frazier** takes the subway to work at the Garden. The train seems to have fewer people and less graffiti than usual, but when was the last time you were in the same car with a siraphanger who could rest his chin on the strap?

Terry Lowry, a 17-year-old, 132-pound wrestler for Spirit Lake (Iowa) High School, diets during training to make his weight limit, but that doesn't mean he misses out on any goodies. Lowry puts his share of pies, cakes and such in a box and freezes them. At the end of the wrestling ses-

son he eats every last bite of them. That brings his weight back up to 160 pounds very nicely, just in time for the football season.

Defining the word "pride" at a University of New Mexico basketball banquet, **Hot Rod Hundley** had a better-than-average personal example to offer. "I live in Phoenix, and every day when I'm home a 4-year-old boy and 5-year-old girl from across the street come knocking at my door," Hundley said. "I have a hoop up in the backyard and they want to challenge me. They want to play horse and one-on-

one with me, an All-America who played six years with the Lakers. And to show you the kind of pride I have—they never beat me!"

As a major league shortstop, **Mike Tyson** of the Cardinals never should have fallen for the hidden call truck. But looting in his room at the Bellevue Stratford in Philadelphia, Tyson was all unsuspecting. "Somebody called me and asked if the air conditioning was working, and I said, 'I don't know.' So the man on the phone said, 'We'll send someone up.' Ten minutes later there was a knock on the door. When I opened it, I was facing a shotgun and a handgun." The two robbers tagged Tyson for his wallet, containing \$300, and a \$150 tape recorder belonging to roommate Mike Thompson. But within hours the Philly police, touching all bases, picked up a suspect trying to use one of Tyson's credit cards. Tyson discounted the theory that he had been ripped off by a vengeful Philly fan. "I haven't been playing that good," he said.

Heinz Günther, a West Berlin restaurant owner, bet \$185 that he could roll a barrel containing 105 quarts of beer 9.3 miles, within 12 hours. That wasn't the beer talking. Günther accomplished the feat in just five hours.

You would think **Bob Boyd**, basketball coach at Southern Cal, could at least forget about cross-town rival John Wooden when he goes home at night. Not so. The city fathers of Placentia, Calif., Boyd's town, have named a street for UCLA's Wooden. They have even gone so far as to name another street for Wooden's wife Nell. And the Woodens don't even live in Placentia; they live in Santa Monica. Boyd remains philosophical. "They'll probably want me to cut the ribbon," he sighs.





A winner's smile masks a tumult of emotion, for Steve Rogers is

Mr. Intensity of the Expos

On the mound, he talks to himself. He curves an inadequate pitch, exhorting himself to a superior effort. If he is particularly displeased, he remains in his follow-through for a moment, his feet firmly planted, and then executes a tiny leap into the air. He lands on both feet, squat and tensed like a sumo wrestler. He throws up his hands in disgust and turns his back on the batter. Hands on hips, he glares at the center-field flagpole. He shakes his head angrily, and, to punish himself, refuses to breathe out, his cheeks swelling with his stifled exhalation. The effort becomes increasingly painful. His features are contorted into a snarled grimace. Finally, before he explodes or faints, Steve Rogers of the Montreal Expos exhales and begins contemplating his next pitch.

This is Rogers in any game, but now he was on his way to his second victory

of the young season, a 7-4 win over the Mets (he was to get No. 3 Sunday), and in turn his team was enjoying the best start in its brief existence. "I'm not exactly a stoic pitcher," says the 24-year-old right-hander, with perfect truth. "I've always been a very emotional person. In the minor leagues it used to destroy my concentration. I remember the first game I pitched for Peninsula last year. I was more worried about getting some good statistics so the Expos would call me up than I was about winning the game. If I walked a batter, I told myself I had to strike out the next three to maintain a good ratio. Here I am thinking like this and—boom!—the umpire misses a pitch. I start yelling at him, you know, showing him up." Rogers' cheeks puff up and he winces with the pain of embarrassment. He exhales. "Jeez, he was only a young guy like me, trying to move up, too. He got mad and took a couple of strikes away from me, and, man, I had a complete breakdown."

Dave Schnock, now with the Mets, was a witness to Rogers' display that night. With a grin he says, "Steve got so upset he looked like he wanted to just cry right there." "It was the low point of my career," says Rogers. "I realized I had to stop yelling. But still I had to stay within myself, had to be what I naturally was. Everyone told me I'd never reach the majors until I became unemotional on the mound. I don't agree. I just had to learn to channel my emotional energy in the right direction. It's better to have emotions like that and control them than not have them at all. Now if I make a bad pitch I allow myself 15 seconds of anger. Then I call it a day and concentrate on the next pitch."

Rogers is a cowboy-lean, smooth-cheeked young man from Jefferson City, Mo. He has a handsome, almost gaunt, heart-shaped face like that of John Davidson, the singer. Unlike Davidson, however, he never seems to relax. The simplest question receives his most intense thought. His brow knits, he struggles for a breath, exhales, and answers. It is this same intensity, which previously had defused itself in anger, that Rogers learned to groove into what his pitching coach, Cal McLish, calls "the most super concentration I've ever seen." In July of 1973 that concentration brought Rogers to Montreal, where, according to Manager Gene Mauch, "He pitched the greatest 2½ months of baseball in my ex-

perience. He pitched 17 consecutive powerful games."

During that span Rogers pitched shutouts in his second and third major league starts, one a one-hitter against the Phillies, while posting a 10-5 record and an astounding 1.54 ERA over 134 innings. Pitching less than half a season, he led the Expos' staff in shutouts with three and never threw fewer than 5½ innings in any game he started. He received the National League's rookie pitcher of the year award, and now has started 1974 with consecutive victories over the Pirates, Mets and Cardinals.

"I've yet to see him pitch a bad game," says Mauch. "I don't even know if he has a weakness. He has six quality pitches: fastball that sinks and sails, slider, fast and slow curveball, and a straight change-up. He has confidence he can throw all of them over the plate. And unlike most young pitchers, I've never seen him beat himself—walk a few batters in a row, or make an error. He's got it all together right now."

"The best thing that happened to me," says Rogers, "was learning not to go against my nature but to channel it in a proper direction. For instance, I still get nervous before a game. I like the feeling. It's a super high. I can't wait to get out there and see some guy's bat right out of his hand. But there's a difference with me now. I used to get nervous the minute I woke up on the day of a game. I'd expend all that energy before I ever got to the mound. Now I control it until just a few minutes before the game. There's a fine line between utilizing what you naturally have and letting it use you. On a given day I always go with what I have. If I don't have a good fastball, I don't press it; I go with something else. If that doesn't happen to be good enough, if someone beats me, well, it happens, that's all."

THE WEEK

(By Pat Jordan)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AL WEST Big talk is a major industry in the Lone Star State, but even Texans guffawed when Manager Billy Martin said his Rangers would "fight for the pennant." Last week, though, the Rangers won five straight and tied the A's for first place. The Rangers, who lead the league in batting at .279, hammered together an eight-run uprising that gave Fer-

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guson Jenkins a 10-2 win over Minnesota. And when the hitting stalled off, Steve Hargan throttled the Twins 1-0 on two hits.

Oakland won five of seven as Reggie Jackson attacked four homers, drove in 11 runs and hit .429. Also chipping in was Sal Bando, who helped beat the White Sox 4-3 with a two-run homer and clipped the Angels with a 10th-inning hit.

At 6'2" and 215 pounds Bob Oliver of the Angels is the biggest third baseman in the league. In a 5-3 win over the Twins he showed quickness and agility in the field and hit two homers. But after pushing their season record to 7-2—the best start in the club's 14-year history—the Angels stumbled and wound up the week with a 3-4 mark.

When Joe Decker's control went awry last year he was spared a trip to the minors only because Twin President Calvin Griffith insisted, "He can be another Nola Ryan." Last week Decker outpitched Ryan by finishing 11 men in 6½ innings before tiring and giving way to Bill Campbell, who preserved a 6-0 win.

When the Royals played in Texas they were listed as the program as the "Kansas City Chiefs." Fielding about as well as the Chiefs might have, they lost twice to the Rangers. Before Saturday's game against the White Sox the Royals were urged by Manager Jack McKeon not to be "mentally lazy." Playing alertly and errorlessly, they earned their only win in five tries, 7-3.

The White Sox (page 18) held a meeting of their own on Tuesday to discuss their poor play, then lost to Oakland 4-1. Their first of two wins in five games came when Stan Babin volunteered to pinch with two days' rest and beat the A's 5-1. Two days later DH Ron Santo walked with the bases loaded to force an tie-breaking run in a 5-4 win over the Royals.

TEX 9-5 OAK 6-3 CAL 6-6
MIN 6-0 KC 4-6 CHS 3-6

AL EAST There was no firing of Milwaukee pitchers according to past form. At least not Jim Colborn, a 20-game winner last year, and Clyde Wright, a 19-game loser and a man with serious back troubles. Colborn is 0-1 so far, losing to Cleveland 3-2 when his three wild pitches let in two runs. The Brewers won their three other games, two behind Wright, who gave batters aching backs as he pitched 13½ hairy innings during one span.

Slugging with oldtime vigor, the Yankees were 4-3 for the week as they unloaded 11 homers, nine in a doubleheader split with the Indians. Graig Nettles, who leads both leagues in homers with eight, hit five last week, had 15 RBIs and batted .481. With the aid of a strong wind that blew his drive from foul to fair, Nettles checked the Orioles 4-3 with a two-run ninth-inning drive.

When Pitching Coach Whitey Ford hinted that Doc Medeh's fast curve lacked speed, the pitcher put more oomph behind it and downed the Red Sox 6-1.

Cleveland defeated Cleveland 6-3 when Reggie Cleveland of the Red Sox won his first AL game by defeating the Indians. A split in four games was the best that could be managed by the Drioles, who were hitting .221 for the season and had made 12 errors in 11 games.

Yielding 10 first-inning runs to opponents and getting only eight runs of their own in four games was why the Tigers won just once. Their victory game when Joe Coleman stifled the Red Sox 1-0.

Cleveland's bullpen was labeled Gasoline Alley by a local sportswriter who claimed, "Indian firemen arrive on the scene with gasoline in their hoses." In 28 innings the Indian relievers have been burned for 20 runs, with the worst performance being that of Tom Hilgendorf, who faced 11 Yankees and gave up four homers. Jim and Gaylord Perry tied Christy and Henry Mathewson as the winningest brothers ever when Jim beat Milwaukee 3-2 for his 195th victory and the 37th for the family.

MIL 7-3 BOS 7-3 NY 6-6
BAL 6-6 DET 4-6 CLE 4-6

NL EAST After making a superb play at second base, Dave Cash of the Phillies screamed, "Yes, we can!" Asked Shortstop Larry Bowa, "Who you yelling that to?" To which Cash answered, "Anybody who'll listen."

Opponents listened to the Phillies after their 6-2 week. Even Bill Robinson, who had complained, "I don't want to play for the Phillies anymore" when he was yanked for a pinch hitter, got into the act after being restored to duty by Manager Danny Ozark. Robinson got three hits and scored four times as the Phillies topped the Cardinals 12-5.

"The Expos' magic number . . . now is 154," read a Montreal newspaper as the team headed for St. Louis. The Expos prompted the optimism by sweeping a three-game home stand from the Mets. Their 4-1 week, speed by six homers, put them in first place.

Ted Simmons of St. Louis kept on hitting, he hit safely in the first 15 games this year and in 51 of the past 54. Alan Foster showed the Expos 10-4, ensuring his first win by getting three hits and scoring three times.

Jokes about the Mets of old were starting to make a comeback until the New Yorkers ended their seven-game losing streak when Jerry Koosman beat Pittsburgh 5-2.

Chicago blitzed the Pirates 18-9 one day and 1-0 the next. In the first encounter the Cubs hit six homers, three by George Mitterwald, who amassed eight RBIs. Pittsburgh suffered the debacle even though outbating

the Cubs 16-13. The Pirates were further troubled by having to send struggling pitcher Steve Blass down to Charleston after he gave up eight runs in five innings.

MONT 7-2 PHIL 6-6 PIT 3-0
CIN 6-4 NY 3-6 ST 1-0

NL WEST Even during a 7-2 win over the Astros some of the Dodgers "were talking and thinking about Cincinnati," Ron Cey admitted. Last year the Reds wiped out an 11-game Dodger lead and took the West. After beating the Astros the Dodgers faced the Reds in two games. They won the opener 5-3 on Bill Russell's bases-loaded double in the 11th and laughed all the way in the closer 1-1. With Steve Garvey hitting four homers and Tommy John upping his record to 4-0 with two wins, the Dodgers had a 4-1 week.

Reds Manager Sparky Anderson issued a warning to the Dodgers. "They better not get too gay," Steiner was Pete Rose's message to Wayne Garrett of the Mets. Rose says he and Bud Harrelson made peace after their fight in last year's playoffs, but he will be gunning for Third Baseman Garrett. Rose charges Garrett punched him in the kidneys during the melee. "I hope I'm on first against the Mets and Joe Morgan singles righty because here I come, Wayne Garrett," Rose says, vowing to arrive with a "hand shoulder." Rounding out a 2-2 week for the Reds was an 11-0 romp over the Padres.

San Francisco turned up for its June Swoon, going five games without a homer and losing five of seven contests. Yet the Giants somehow beat the Dodgers 5-4 with only two hits.

Houston, 4-3, was encouraged by Larry Dierker and Tom Griffin, both of whom defeated the Giants with three-hitters. Dierker won 3-1 and Griffin, who threw a mere 94 pitches, was a 4-0 winner with a single and homer at bat.

Since starting the season by going 0 for 16, Ralph Garr of Atlanta has been 25 for 47 and last week had seven consecutive hits. Phil Niekro struck out a career high of 13 as he shut out the Padres 6-0. And the Braves topped off a 4-2 week by going over .500 for the first time since September 1971.

Optimism of the Year Award goes to San Diego Manager John McNamara, who said, "I still think we can win in the vicinity of 80 games." Bold words. Thus far the Padres have been outscored 99-34, outhomered 12-2 and shut out four times. In the field they have made 23 errors. Firstwide sluggers Willie McCovey, Nate Colbert and Dave Roberts have yet to homer. And Glenn Beckert, the team's best hitter at .400, was disabled by an atheric right ankle.

LA 10-4 HOUS 8-2 SF 6-2
ATL 6-1 CIN 6-0 SD 3-12



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Hidden inside every competitive sailor is the unshakable conviction that his is the best boat afloat. Never mind sore or sail, just stir in the handicaps that come with racing and he's ready. And while this state of mind is usually enough to get everybody going, one tantalizing extra lure was offered last week in the waters off California: a meet that would pit five divisions in a winner-take-all regatta to determine the best boat in the world. Naturally the place was up to here in challengers.

One hundred and nine boats checked in at Newport Harbor Yacht Club to join the fray that is the fiendish invention of Bob Bavier, skipper of the America's Cup racer *Courageous* and publisher of *Yachting* magazine. Bavier dreamed up the scheme 25 years ago, and while his format might start more arguments than it settles, it makes for some wild-eyed racing.

The One of a Kind is regarded among sailormen as a put-up-or-shut-up affair, and stalking around the docks was a regular murderers' row of sailing champions. There were Bruce Harvey and Bruce Stewart of Los Angeles, who rule the world in their Tornado catamaran. Star class expert Tom Blackaller of Newport Beach, Calif.; and Bruce Goldsmith and his *Lightning* that has dominated that class for the last few years. There were other all-stars in all classes, creating sideline dramas for everybody. "Even if you don't win the thing," said one competitor, "you get to meet a lot of the world leaders in this sport."

Another skipper took a more sanguine view of the proceedings. Handicaps were one thing, he said, "but way down deep we want to find out if we can beat the other guy boat for boat." There were a number of boat-for-boat questions to be settled. Can the *Banshee* singlehander beat the *Laser*? Will the ancient *Star* beat the upstart *Tempest*? Is the *Venture 21* faster than the *Santana 21*? And finally the big one: Can anybody in the house beat *Beowulf*?

Enter *Beowulf*, in a bit of staging that might have been accompanied by a sinister roll of drums and the snapping of sails. Simply moving along at a pretty good clip is one thing, but here was, as everybody

Cat that goes like a bat

'Beowulf' was the fastest thing afloat in the regatta, but when the seas came up and rigging came down, she finished in the litter



SLIDING ALONG WITH ONE HULL UP, BEOWULF LED THE WAY—MOST OF THE TIME

continued



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agreed, an extremely mean-looking cat.

In design and construction *Beowulf* is about as ordinary as an America's Cup challenger or, say, a jet fighter in among the crop dusters. Her hulls and rig were shaped with the aid of a computer, creating such a mountain of programming data that when Skipper Steve Dashew tunes up his boat he has to compare her performance against figures from a calculator since, he confesses modestly, there is no sailboat fast enough to keep up with her.

Dashew, of Palos Verdes Estates, Calif., offered more information. *Beowulf*'s 31-foot 7-inch-long hulls are built of especially made aircraft-grade spruce plywood. They used to be elegantly varnished until he grew tired one day of sunlight and salt damage and painted them dull black. Dashew was a philosophy major at USC, and he now allows that the paint job may have been impulsive; in fact he groans in despair whenever critics mention it and swears that he will restore the varnish when he gets time. "You've got to have some esthetic appeal to go fast," he admits.

Some dockworkers looking at the catamaran's seemingly delicate hulls and the Dacron trampoline that connects them were tempted to classify *Beowulf* as an inshore rather than an ocean racer. But it was just one more deception. *Beowulf* in fact holds an unofficial record for the Ensenada race, that hammering affair running 140 miles from Newport Beach down the coast to Mexico. She ran the course in 12½ hours at an average speed of more than 11 knots, hitting a fantastic 26 knots on some of the legs—a figure that works out to better than 30 mph. Dashew insists that *Beowulf* is a "family boat," but the crowds who saw her swooping over the water with all three crewmen strung out on trapeze wires had certain doubts the average family would find the ride a calming experience in togetherness.

The committee had set up the regatta with six races over four days, allowing competitors to keep five and throw out their worst one. Bavier expressed hope that he could conjure up the variety of air needed, including one day of good wind for those boats that prefer gales. He got everything he wished for. Especially the gale.

In terms of excitement Wednesday's opener was uneventful. The racers too-

dled along in a gentle eight-to-10-knot southwesterly, and *Beowulf* took a second and a first among the catamarans. But then came Black Thursday, and with it a wind and seas that started strongly in the morning and then surged higher through the rest of the day. Dashew and his *Beowulf* won the early race, but in the afternoon event awful things began to happen.

On the course set aside for the small centerboards it suddenly seemed as if a pod of brightly colored whales had come cruising through the action. But it was not exactly whales—it was the bottoms of overturned boats all over the place. Things got so bad that after the race was finally finished and the sailors wetly withdrew to the clubhouse to dry off, the results were thrown out because it was discovered one of the marks had drifted in the heavy seas. Nearby, divisions two and three, the small cruisers and the noncruising keel boats, were not able to sail even one leg. In the swirl of wind and sea, their second race was washed out when a marker broke loose, leaving the skippers searching all over the local ocean for their turning point, much to the embarrassment of officials who had anchored the buoy.

Meanwhile, the greatest havoc of all was taking place on the multihull course. One enormous cat with a solid wing for a sail it came across the water like a 747 making a crash landing. Suddenly lost the wing. The craft shattered into pieces that littered the water (and later the beach) on all sides.

Another multihull, a 25-footer owned by Lee Griswold, broke a crossbeam and fell apart, while somewhere on the waves not far away a similar *Cat, Spirit* of '76 looked as if she had been hit head on by a catamaran torpedo: both hoves started to come unstruck.

And what of *Beowulf*? She was leading the race, naturally, but she was in as much trouble as everyone. Eventually, her boom broke apart, with the jagged ends of the aluminum spar jabbing through the trampoline. Like so many others, she did not finish—which meant that Dashew had spent his throw-away race with two more events still to come.

As the fleet limped home to dry out, *Beowulf* had two firsts and a second on the handicap system and three firsts on the boat-to-boat scoring—a seemingly

unbeatable score. But the regatta was not over, and if Thursday had been black, Friday was worse.

This time it was not the wind. There was the black cat, all repaired, knifing along in moderate winds toward the final weather mark—so far ahead of the field that everybody was out of sight astern. She was winning the boat-to-boat with ease and was obviously ahead on handicap. Less than 200 yards remained to the orange buoy when Dashew, alternately swinging in and out on his trapeze to control the angle of heel, swerved *Beowulf* upward. And that is when everybody looked aghast, as the skipper said later, with horror.

The mainsail was fluttering down; the lock that holds it up had suddenly opened. Quickly the crew wrapped the halyard around a winch and began hauling the sail back up where it belonged. But they ground too fiercely, breaking a faulty mast step, and now with even more horror they watched the whole rig—mast, sail and all—topple slowly over the side.

As an ex-philosophy major, Dashew took the mishap well enough. "I really got mad. I wondered if it was all actually worth it," he said. "But then I thought back 15 minutes to when we had been reaching along at 26 knots, and I got hooked all over again."

Several hours and a great many more repairs later *Beowulf* took off in Saturday's last race, winning it by an anticlimactic easy mile. Unhappily, it was too late to overcome the low handicap score posted by Harvey and Stewart's much smaller Tornado.

When the regatta was over and points tallied co-winners were Blackadder in his Star and Paul Tafa of Santa Cruz in his International 505. It meant that the official best boat of the regatta had turned out to be really two boats with identical scores. And neither was the one everybody knew to be the fastest unofficial boat—a situation that pretty much describes what sailing is all about. There would be fuel for new arguments for another year, since each sailor probably went away still convinced that his was the best boat afloat.

Beowulf's skipper assuredly fits into that category. "We almost had it wired," he said of the contest. Somehow he sounded more like Dashew the winner than Dashew the philosopher. **END**

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The big bugs are the hatch to catch

They come out of the water in June and Western fishermen call them salmon flies, which is not their real name. The trout do not care about names, they're just hungry. And the fishermen are hungry for trout

Patience is well-known as a virtue, but for a fisherman, plagued by backlashes, leader snarls and the vagaries of weather, it becomes a way of life. Anglers learn early how to wait; every child with a can of worms and a sinker knows there are times when the fish are not biting. In dealing with creatures of such particular and selective habits as trout, trying to second-guess the variables raises expectation to a fine art.

Here in Montana, along rivers like the Yellowstone, half a mile down the road, or the Madison, two valleys over, the big annual wait is for the salmon-fly hatch in June, a month that can be surprisingly harsh in the northern Rockies. For a few weeks each year the emergence of these oversized insects stimulates the speculations of even the most marginal fishermen.

Fully two inches long, with a wing expanse of almost four inches, a salmon fly seems a grotesque oddity next to such northern streamside neighbors as the dainty midge and the ephemeral mayfly. Surely this monster must be more at home lurking in the tropics, where one is accustomed to every bizarre exaggeration of insect life from cigar-sized flying cockroaches and hideous palmetto bugs to the lumbering rhinoceros beetle.

Unlike mayflies and caddis flies, which hatch into winged form on or in the water, the enormous salmon-fly nymphs crawl out of the river seeking bleached stones along the shore or clumps of bankside willow bushes for their final metamorphosis. Dry and brittle, the discarded nymphal shucks of the salmon fly are a familiar sight on Western rivers

such as the Yellowstone, or Oregon's Rogue or Deschutes, clinging to the rocks and willow stems like tiny suits of translucent armor, ghostly replicas of their former selves. Actually the insects are not salmon flies at all, but one of the nearly 400 species of stone flies, members of the primitive order Plecoptera, found in the United States and Canada. (Aliases are common in the West where brown trout are known as Loch Leven and the beautiful Dolly Varden is called a bull trout.)

The hatch is over in two or three weeks. If you're out of town when it happens, you have to wait until next year. You'll probably have to wait until next year anyway since June is normally the high-water month for Western mountain rivers and the salmon flies arrive at a time when fishing conditions are close to impossible.

The spring runoff floods the willow banks and rages through the deep channels. A cupful might pass for your morning coffee, it's that discolored.

But when there has been a mild winter with little snowfall and the river looks just about as low as it did last May, the speculation at the fly shop grows. The conversation keeps returning to the truly remarkable salmon-fly hatches of the past, of 60 and 80 and 100 fish days, of trout averaging two pounds apiece, of large, weighty, hook-jawed browns rising from their sculpin feasts on the river bottom to strike at floating flies with the eagerness of unwary fingerlings. Everyone agrees that the Yellowstone hasn't looked this good in years.

The ache of anticipation continues on into June; the weather holds and the river remains low and clear. Reports filter in: advance word from Big Timber, 35 miles downstream; then one sunny morning salmon flies are seen hatching along the stretch of water by the golf course. A float trip is speedily arranged. Dramatic weather changes are common in the Rockies and a few days of cold rain could easily undercut the momentum of the hatch.

We put in at Pine Creek bridge, three of us in a double-ended aluminum johnboat, one fisherman in the bow, another in the stern, one man at the oars in between, and drift with the current, keeping the boat about 20 feet from shore and casting our floating lures as close to the bank. The trout are holding under the overhanging willows, waiting for the wind to blow the clinging salmon flies onto the water.



AN ADULT FLY RESTS ON A STEM

continued

The artificials are ungainly feather dusters; a popular pattern bluntly named the sofa-pillow carries enough red fox squirrel hair to tie a dozen smaller flies. But, like John Hancock's signature, they are very easy to see. Anyone who has ever squinted unsuccessfully into the glare for a size 18 pale evening dun bouncing along in the current will appreciate this convenience. Certainly the trout should have no trouble spotting them.

Yet fishing is slow. A few trout are taken, nice fish over two pounds, but nothing like the bonanzas of yesteryear. We remind ourselves that it is still early, the main hatch yet to start. In another couple of days the trout will be eating nothing but salmon flies. A friend over on the Madison is having good luck using nymphs, but the chance for rising fish is too tempting and we stick with dry flies until we reach town.

One of the main myths surrounding the salmon-fly hatch is that the insects move upstream at the rate of four miles

per day, so that by timing it right, an angler can always be certain of finding the action. But timetables of any sort are a figment of man's irrational compulsion toward organization, and when the weather continues warm and fair over the next few days, salmon flies are reported hatching all along the river from Livingston to Tom Miner Basin, a distance of some 45 miles when measured by the meandering Yellowstone.

We float with regularity and determination, putting the boat in the river at a different point each day in hopes of covering all the best water. Even failing to encounter salmon flies is not considered discouraging; the fishing is said to be best in the period immediately after the main body of the hatch passes. Then the trout will greedily hit any drifting artificial pattern that resembles a leftover from the recent bug gorge. Still, in spite of the optimism the fishing is no better than sporadic.

Soon the hatch moves above Yankee

Jim Canyon, and now the best willow banks on the river are accessible by foot and we leave the boat at home. The days continue to glow, and hanging in the honeyed afternoon sky above the Yellowstone are fluttering squadrons of wind-borne salmon flies.

The fishing is good. At Corvallis Springs I take a two-pound rainbow on my first cast. We wade along the edge of the willow stands, knee-deep in the strong pushing current, fishing upstream so our flies will drift close to the submerged bushes where the trout are rising. We find mostly small rainbows and browns, in no where near the prodigious numbers of the legendary past but still fun and frequent enough to keep things interesting.

The last trip of the salmon-fly season occurs after the hatch has passed out of the lower valley up into the rugged backcountry of Yellowstone National Park. A group of us, including two visiting teen-age cousins along mainly for the hike, treks into the spectacular Grand



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Canyon of the Yellowstone. For the first few miles the trail follows the rim of the canyon before dropping into the netherworld along a series of severe switchbacks through the pines and across a steaming landscape. Thermal vents and boiling springs hiss along the side of the path. Climbing out of here will be no fun at all.

The junction of trail and river is abrupt; literally no banks to speak of, only the startling slice of water through rock. It is too fierce for wading, so we fish among boulders jutting from the rushing current, in the ruffles and eddies that form in their wake. Within minutes everyone has a fish on, including the teenagers who have never held a fly rod in their hands before.

Unlike the lower Yellowstone, which is dominated by the more aggressive rainbows and browns, this stretch of wild river above Tower Falls contains a goodly number of native cutthroat. They are stunning now in their spawning colors, with deep olive-gold sides and gill plates of metallic crimson; the conspicuous scarlet slash under the jaw seems almost an afterthought. We catch them readily; if not on every cast, certainly on one in five.

As we work our way downstream the tally goes up: "nine, 10 . . ."—these are vigorous fish up to two pounds—"15 . . . 20, 21." All fish are released. No one wants to carry an extra ounce out of the canyon, although there's a park limit of two fish and these cutthroat have flesh as pink as salmon and would be classed a delicacy on anyone's table.

It's all a bit unreal: the powerful river, the abundance of trout, the exhilaration of being right on the money after so many years of failure. About a mile downstream is a small feeder creek, a narrow ladder of terraced pools so thick with trout that we catch them lying on our stomachs at water's edge, dapping the sofa-pillows on the surface, like Izaak Walton. These are spawning fish and we decide not to disturb them further, returning instead to the river and the continuously mounting tally. By afternoon my companion has caught 75 fish and I have caught 50, a bonanza, yet as we begin the long trudge back to civilization, with the salmon-fly season at an end, I find myself speculating about next year when the big bugs return.

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Poor power for New York

Players way down the Ranger salary scale rose up to relieve their teammates by beating Montreal—but along came fiery Philadelphia



On a hockey team composed mostly of real-estate tycoons, municipal-bond investors, stock-market speculators and golf professionals, they are the four poor guys from the low-rent district, the lowest-paid veterans on the roster of the New York Rangers. Ron Harris usually looks more like a player-to-be-named-later in a deal than a Ranger with a future. Ted Irvine shuffles through something much called the Manitoba Boogaloo Pump after he scores a goal. Bruce Cameron MacGregor has a mysterious nickname, Murdoch, and nobody much cares why. Pete Stenkowski has a couple of handles that are manifest—the Polish Prince and the Kielbasa Kid—but ethnic clout has not paid off so far at contract time.

Last week, however, the poor four spared their wealthy playmates the embarrassment of another rapid exit from the Stanley Cup playoffs by rallying the Rangers past the defending champion Montreal Canadiens and silencing, for the time being at least, the thousands of frustrated New Yorkers who had serenaded them with chants of "Re-fund, re-fund, re-fund"—a consumer complaint over high ticket prices as measured against product. Charging in after the Canadiens had won two of the first three games of their opening-round series, the Polish Prince and his court introduced a stunning new hockey concept to their teammates. Call it determination, drive, fight—or a hoot in the rear. What happened was that the poor four would not let the rich guys do what they often have done in the face of adversity—pull an elbow.

It all started shortly before Game Four with a private meeting between Emile Francis, the scrappy chancellor of the Rangers' exchequer, and the man they call Murdoch. The 33-year-old Mac-

Gregor is a quiet redhead who has skated in obscurity through most of his 13 NHL seasons. As he suspected, Francis wanted to discuss Yvan Cournoyer, the Montreal Roadrunner, who had deflated the Rangers in Games Two and Three by scoring five goals.

"Emile said we had to contain Cournoyer, or else," MacGregor says. "He asked if I'd switch from right wing to left wing, forget all about my own offense and think only about shadowing Cournoyer. He told me that if I could keep Cournoyer off his game even a little bit, then things might fall into place for us."

While MacGregor admittedly cannot skate as fast as Cournoyer—who can—he accepted the assignment. "I had never played head to head against Cournoyer," MacGregor says, "but I knew his game. He plays the percentages. He likes to sneak between or behind the defense and get a long lead pass from Jacques Lemaire or one of the defensemen. My job, as I saw it, was to stay between Cournoyer and [Ranger Goaltender] Eddie Giacomin. I had to be the middleman at all times. I knew if Cournoyer got between Giacomin and me on a breakaway, it probably would be curtains. There's no way I'd ever catch him in a race. It would be worse than the toe-toe and the hare."

With MacGregor assigned to Cournoyer, Francis reclaimed Ron Harris from the bench and installed him at MacGregor's normal right-wing position on the third line with Stenkowski and Irvine. The third line is supposed to be the weakest, usually featuring low-salaried performers who will be selected in the next expansion draft. Almost immediately, though, the Rangers' revamped third line began to do weird things—like score goals.

Montreal went ahead 1-0, but Harris tied the score when he skated behind the Canadiens' defense and rolled a backhander past Goaltender Banny Larocque. The sight of Harris skating behind any team's defense, let alone Montreal's, must have boggled the minds of some Canadiens. Harris grew up in the Montreal suburb of Verdun, within walking distance of the Forum, but his plodding stride and his obvious lack of lateral mobility led the Canadiens to write him off as a marginal prospect at

HUNGRY, hurrying Rangers in the Canadian series. Pete Stenkowski (above) was a success story, while Bruce MacGregor scored big goals

continued

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best. So Harris played junior amateur hockey for the Detroit organization, and in his 11 pro seasons he has been with eight different teams. Francis has usually employed Harris as a musclemen. "His job is to rattle bones," Francis says. "He skates in a straight line and hits everything in his way. He makes things happen."

Still, the Canadiens skated to a 3-1 lead, but just as the Madison Square Garden crowd began to cry "Re-fund, re-fund," in anticipation of a Ranger collapse, the third line changed the snipers to cheers. The Rangers went ahead 4-3 as Irvine scored twice, and after both goals he did his boogaloo, which is sort of a bouncing run on the tips of his blades accompanied by a four-second body shimmy and a triple pump of his arms. In the old days, like last season, the act was fresh because Irvine scored a goal only once every eight or nine games. This season he scored 26 times—once every three games—and practically wore himself out doing the dance.

After Irvine's whirl the Canadiens tied the score, and then, with slightly more than five minutes to play, MacGregor, skating with the third line because Cournoyer happened to be on the ice, flicked in the winner on an artful conversion of Defenseman Dale Rolfe's passout from the side boards. MacGregor also checked Cournoyer perfectly, holding him scoreless and limiting him to just two shots on goal.

For the poor four, that was only the appetizer. Back at the Forum for Game Five, the Canadiens again took an early 1-0 lead, but MacGregor tied it up shortly afterward. Cournoyer had the puck behind the Montreal net, while MacGregor dutifully waited in front for the elusive Frenchman to make his next move. As Cournoyer debated what to do, Jenn Ratelle of the Rangers took the puck off his stick and slid it out to the uncovered MacGregor, who beat Larocque with a backhand. Montreal later went in front 2-1 and nursed the lead into the final minute of play.

Per custom, Francis removed Giacomini, who had played sensationally in goal, with 54 seconds remaining in the game and replaced him with an extra attacker. But rather than send out his complete first or second line, Francis waved both MacGregor and Stenkowski onto

the ice. Of all the Rangers, Stenkowski is probably the best clutch player. He is also one of the game's top faceoff artists. In the next 33 seconds there were five faceoffs deep inside the Montreal zone. On the fifth, working against Henri Richard, Stenkowski batted the puck against the boards. Richard and Frank Mahovlich tried to control it but it rolled back to New York's Brad Park at the point. Park skated to his left and moved closer to the net, then fired a chest-high bullet at Larocque. As the Montreal goaltender juggled the puck, Stenkowski grazed him and the puck squirted loose, dropped to the ice and rolled to Larocque's left. There was MacGregor, and before Larocque could react the puck was in the net. Overtime.

And here was the Polish Prince again. After slightly more than four minutes of the extra session, there was a faceoff to Larocque's left. Montreal Coach Scotty Bowman sent out Lemaire to face Stenkowski. "Drop the puck in the middle," Lemaire warned the linesman. "Don't give it to him." On the bench, though, Bowman had a better idea. He recalled Lemaire and replaced him with Peter Mahovlich, who seemed a better match for Stenkowski's strength. Mahovlich said nothing to the linesman. The puck dropped flat onto the ice, and, easily beating Mahovlich, Stenkowski snatched it with his backhand and slid it back to Harris at the edge of the circle.

"Before the game I called my wife and told her if the game went into overtime I'd score the winning goal," Harris said. "She told me I was a liar. She said a point, too, because I got only two goals all season."

Well, Harris blasted the puck right past Larocque, who was screened by several players, touching off a wild Ranger celebration. In the Montreal dressing room, Bowman studied a statistical summary of the game. "Look at this," he said. "MacGregor: six shots on goal, two goals. Cournoyer: two shots on goal, no goals. Unless that changes, we are in trouble."

It didn't—and the Canadiens were. They took the lead again in the sixth game, 2-0 on goals by Richard and Steve Shutt, and Cournoyer even got an assist, but once again MacGregor and the poor four rallied the Rangers. MacGregor took a pass from Park, slipped between

two Montreal defensemen and faked Larocque out of position before scoring on an easy backhand. Forty-six seconds later the Rangers tied the score, and they went ahead in the third period on a play initiated by Irvine. For good measure, Stenkowski buried the Canadiens with two empty-net goals 18 seconds apart in the final minute of play.

In three games MacGregor had out-shot Cournoyer nine to five and out-scored him four to nothing, leaving Bowman with a strange look on his face. "I didn't think New York had anyone who could slow Yvan down," he said. "I thought Gene Carr was the only New York player who could skate with him, and they traded Carr to Los Angeles. That MacGregor, he's pretty smart."

And the poor four may not be that much longer. "As it happens," MacGregor says, "we are all in the last year of our contracts. I'd say that what we did against Montreal puts us in good bargaining position. Now we have something to point to when we sit down and talk money with Emile."

Having defeated the defending champions for the third straight spring—but won no cup themselves for 34—the Rangers bussed down the New Jersey Turnpike to open play with the feisty Philadelphia Flyers on Saturday in the semifinals, but not even the poor four could bail out the lifeless millionaires this time. The Flyers bullied the Rangers relentlessly, crashing them against the boards and knocking them to the ice with abandon in a 4-0 thrashing. New York managed only five shots against Goaltender Bernie Parent in the first 30 minutes, and Parent did not have to stop anything difficult until the last seven minutes of the third period. "It was a perfect game for us," exulted Flyer Captain Bobby Clarke.

In the other semifinal series at Boston, the score in the family affair involving the Brothers Esposito was Tony one and Phil one. In the first game Tony repeatedly frustrated brother Phil and the rest of the Bruins by making 46 saves as the Black Hawks scored an upset 4-2 victory on John Marks' goal with slightly more than three minutes left to play. Then, on Sunday afternoon national television Phil and the Bruins walloped Tony 8-6. Nothing poor about that game but the defenses.

END

The 1¼-mile Wood Memorial usually yields a fairly good indication of what to expect in the upcoming Kentucky Derby, Preakness and Belmont Stakes. Since the first Wood in 1925, seven of its winners have gone on to take the Derby, 10 the Preakness and 11 the Belmont. Of the nine Triple Crown winners, three prefaced their climb to greatness with a victory in the Wood, although one of those who did not was Secretariat. Last April he stunned everyone by finishing third to Angle Light and Sham. One who won't this year is Secretariat's promising half brother, Capital Asset, who last week upset his supporters by finishing dead last in the first division of the Wood, beaten 37 lengths by a 9-to-1 shot named Flip Sal.

The 50th running of the Wood drew so many entries that for the fourth time in its illustrious history the race had to be split into two parts. Flip Sal may prove only to be one of those colts—there have been a lot of them this year—that have a brief moment of glory before unsaddling in the paddocks of obscurity. But Rube the Great, the inelegantly named son of Bold Lad, won the second division with Conka-like authority, repeating his victory of two weeks earlier in a division of the Gotham. Finishing first two successive races is a rare feat for a 1974 3-year-old, and by doing it Rube the Great threw a real challenge at the Derby hopefuls waiting to run in the Blue Grass at Keeneland and in the Stepping Stone and Derby Trial at Churchill Downs.

As a group, the 22 runners in the Wood's two divisions lacked the quality of such Blue Grass contenders as Bushong, Judger and Cannonade, not to mention Agitate, the highly regarded winner of last Saturday's California Derby. Nonetheless, the competition served a useful purpose in helping to reduce the number of colts who will bow, curtsy and stumble around in front of Princess Margaret, Kentucky Governor Wendell Ford and the vast eye of television at Churchill Downs on Derby Day. There is no doubt that the Derby field will be massive, possibly larger than the record 22-colt squadron that charged past the stands in Rich Count's Derby in 1928. Flip Sal's long-shot victory did little to discourage such a big field. But Rube the Great's performance, which was both faster and more impressive than

Two Woods, a Rube and a Derby

The big race begins to come into focus as winners finally win again

Flip Sal's, did. A 3-to-2 favorite, he received a heady, nervy ride from Jockey Miguel Rivera, who took the colt from a pinched-off position in fourth place at the head of the stretch and bulled his way through horses to win. There was an official inquiry, of course, but the stewards decided that whatever rudeness Rivera and Rube had committed, it was not of sufficient magnitude to disqualify them.

Rube the Great's margin was only a head, but considering the trouble he had, it was a pretty good showing. Owner Sigmond Sommer and Trainer Pancho Martin acquired him last fall, along with another Derby eligible, Acceptor, and the filly Tourmiquette, in a package deal for \$200,000. Rube earned \$69,660 in the Wood to raise his winnings to \$134,810, and he will run as an entry in the Derby with Acceptor, if the latter starts.

A year ago Sommer and Martin's Derby horse was the redoubtable Sham, the best 3-year-old in California, who broke the old Derby record and still lost to Secretariat. This winter Rube ran at Santa Anita and won two of seven races, but he spent a good deal of time trying to catch up to Triple Crown, who finished second to Flip Sal last Saturday. Aloha Mood, who was last in the California Derby, Destroyer and Agitate. "He didn't care for that hard track out there," says Martin, "but back here in the East he shows me he may be as good as Sham. And that wouldn't be bad, eh?"

Whereas Sommer and Martin are used to winner's circles, Flip Sal's owner, Salvatore Tusano, a 41-year-old insurance executive from Syosset, N.Y., was play-

ing in a new kind of ball game. Two years ago he went to the Keeneland sales and for \$21,500 bought the gray son of Drone, a young stallion who once was such a promising prospect that his trainer, Lucien Laurin, says, "Except for Secretariat, Drone was the best horse I ever trained. Who knows what he would have done if he hadn't broken down before the 1969 Derby?"

Flip Sal was 15th and last in the Fountain of Youth, eighth in the Bay Shore and sixth in the Gotham, but Trainer Steve DiMauro kept insisting, "This is a nice colt, and in this kind of year he's got as good a Derby chance as most of the other colts around."

Maybe so, but Flip Sal's winning time in the Wood, 1:51½, was battered by clanking horses in the day's first race. "That's all right," chirped the happy Tufano. "I'm floating on air. I've never been to a Kentucky Derby, and I've always said I'd never go until I could go with a Derby horse. Now we'll go."

Whether Flip Sal is a true Derby horse is debatable, and that goes for a lot of the others who will be in the starting gate at Churchill Downs. But there are a few, like Rube the Great, who are beginning to look pretty solid. The favored Triple Crown, given a more sensible ride, might have won Flip Sal's half of the Wood instead of finishing second. And Agitate, the California hope, continues to improve. When Jockey Bill Shoemaker guided the son of Advocate to victory in the California Derby, it was Agitate's fifth win in six starts, all this year. Shoe was prompted into comparisons of Agitate with Swaps and Tony Lee, both of whom Shoemaker took to the winner's circle in Louisville. "He's a good horse," said Shoemaker, which listeners took to mean that Agitate was less than great, but Shoe added, meaningfully, "and, as far as we can tell, there are no great horses in the Derby."

Agitate is owned by John Meehan and Paula Kent, who have been partners in a cosmetics firm for 14 years and partners in marriage for one. After the California Derby, Mrs. Meehan said, "We planned to buy Sonny and Cher's house—it has 30 rooms and they're asking \$1.5 million for it—if Agitate won his next two races. Well, the California Derby was one. The Kentucky Derby is the other. I'm convinced we're going to buy that home."

END

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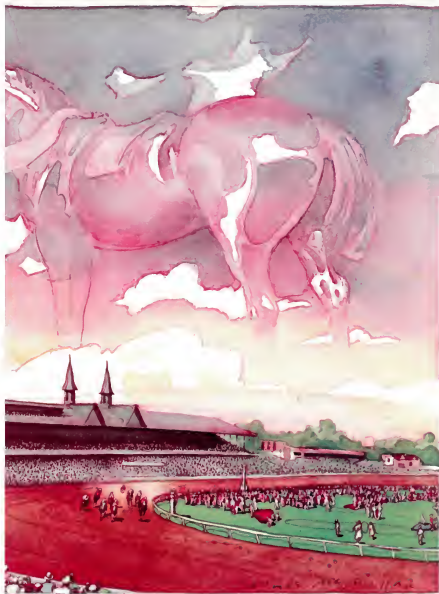
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THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT

Shills and hucksters are everywhere as Kentucky gets ready for the 100th running of the Derby, but it hardly matters. The race itself is the important thing, as memories of past years and past triumphs testify by FRANK DEFORD

CONTINUED





There was a time when Churchill Downs merely declared that the Kentucky Derby crowd was in excess of 100,000 and let it go at that. Now each body is carefully counted, just as the dollars are, and the roses and the julep glasses and this year's TV celebrities, and even the traditions. They have made the Kentucky Derby into formalized, certified, organized Americana.

As a rule, stay clear of anything that is called a festival. If you have to name something a festival, it is not. The Kentucky Derby. God help us, is now part of the Derby Festival, a cliché wrapped in a promotion. "Kentucky Derby" is a registered trademark and would surely be franchised if they could find a way to put ketchup on it. The Kentucky Derby is the feature race on Saturday of Derby Week, but there are other spectacular festival-type things going on: the Pegasus Parade, the Great Steamboat Race, the Fashion Fair, the Derby Ball, crowning the Derby Queen and, for that matter, Derby Days down at the K-Mart. What once was just Friday is now Derby Eve. That's another thing. By and large it is prudent to steer clear of eyes.

The governor of Kentucky, Wendell Ford, stood up at a Derby Week dinner last festival time and made an observation. What he said, seriously, word for word, was, "The 100th Kentucky Derby will be the greatest thing that ever happened on the face of the United States." Imagine a grown man going around telling people things like that. Only because the Derby itself is truly special can it suffer such nonsense, survive and prosper.

Becoming formalized, certified, organized Americana has squeezed out some of the Derby's best juices, but it remains wonderfully original, rancous and ebullient. The kids cram together in the infield, sail Frisbees, sun themselves, smoke some grass and do approximately what they would be doing anywhere else. The main difference between the kids and the rich and famous adults in the Millionaires Row boxes is that the kids have a great time and can't see the race while those in Millionaires Row have a great time and can see the race.

Two things that should never be taken too seriously are horse races and politicians. Always keep in mind (especially you, Governor Ford) that most of the stable workers appear more interested in the race run right after the Derby, than in the greatest thing that ever happened on the face of the United States. This is because they believe, as an article of faith, that the race after the Derby is always fixed. See what the boys in the back room will have.

But we come to praise the Run for the Roses. Under the twin spires, in the aura of the bluegrass spring, any good man will cloud up when they play *My Old Kentucky Home* and cry outright when he realizes he is standing in one of those rare places where beauty and history intersect for an instant. He'll order a julep or two—not minding that it is corny—and salute a hundred Derbies past and a hundred more ahead.

The names of the past winners of the race are all

around the place, and there is a plethora of statistics covering absolutely everything, from Aristides, who ran first in the first Derby, to Warbucks, who finished last in the last one. What follows here is something else: the informal, unofficial, non-festival memories of a few men who were part of the Derby at one time or another. Men just talking about their Derbies, plus selected short subjects.

Sip a julep along. But not that profane festival beverage that is thrown together by men who have on their shelves bottled mixes for banana daiquiris. Remember that when Irvin S. Cobb heard that H. L. Mencken constructed his drink with Maryland whiskey and crushed mint, he warned, "Any guy who'd put rye in a mint julep and crush the leaves would put scorpions in a baby's bed."

There is only one proper way to compose a mint julep, and it was outlined by a gentleman named J. Soule Smith a century ago. His recipe begins: "Take from the cold spring some water, pure as the angels are. . . ."

Sometimes, lacking the absolute essentials, you must make do. Surely that is why, despite intrusions from a mundane world, the Run for the Roses probably gets better all the time. Weep no more, my lady.

Sitting among carefully tabulated memories kept on file cards is a tall, thin man chain-smoking Pall Malls. His desk, piled high with stud books, once belonged to a president of Churchill Downs; he was named after the owner of a Derby winner, S. S. Brown (Agile, 1905). Brownie Leach was raised in the bluegrass, playing as a child in a backyard that once was Henry Clay's. He is returning the favor by writing a book about Marse Henry and his two great broodmares.

No one possesses a more intimate knowledge of the Downs and the Derby than Brownie Leach. He worked closely with Matt Winn, the fabled Kentucky Colonel who made himself and the Derby national institutions. In the



Colonel Winn: The biggest sports event in the U.S., maybe the world.

Colonel's last years Brownie Leach was his PR man and aide-de-camp at Churchill Downs, or as Kentuckians always pronounce it, Churchle.

The racing writer Joe H. Palmer once noted, "Mr. Leach has a great respect for the truth, and uses it sparingly," but that wry encomium refers only to the tall tales he scatters with his bourbon. Mr. Leach, who is fiercely loyal to the late Colonel Winn, wants only to set the record straight, as he sees it. He also holds some opinions:

"If all the Derby winners raced each other, I'd spend an awful long time down there in the paddock looking at Whirlaway and Count Fleet, but I believe I'd go then and put my money on Twenty Grand. If you had just seen him that day in 1931. Why, he came around that last turn as far off the rail as we are from that hedge over there, and rolling like a freight train coming down the mountain with the brakes off. All you hear now is Secretariat. Listen, I'd love to have a stableful of Secretariats, but if you just look at the record you'd see he couldn't carry Man o' War's blanket.

"I probably sound like an old grouch, but sports can be so phony today, just as bad as the food and the cars now—and my God, you can't get a plain white cotton shirt anywhere in the country but Brooks Brothers anymore. Racing simply has no regard for its past. Everybody is going around writing that the Derby was not a top race in its earlier years. Will somebody besides me just once look at the record? When you have men like the Dwyer brothers shipping in a Hindoo [1881], it is a top race. It was only later it ran into snags, which is why the Louisville people hired Col. Winn. That was 1902, but he didn't really get it back on top till 1915, when H. P. Whitney brought Regret in. The Colonel gave a great deal of credit to that race, but I'd say his favorite Derby was Exterminator's, although a lot of that had to do with Exterminator's subsequent record. Anytime you like something, anything good that happens later that's related to it makes it seem all the better.

"Col. Winn was the boss. That was his nature. He had a good sense of humor, but he was not the kind of man you could put your arm around. He had a certain reserve, even a severity, and a lot of people at Churchle were scared to death of him. It was true that if you made a mistake he would fuss at you, but he was a fair man and a gentleman of the first water.

"Winn became a colonel on the governor of Kentucky's staff back when they had very few of those, when it was an honor. It wasn't until some governor in the '30s that they started giving those things out wholesale. This lady called me up once and told me they were going to make me a colonel, and I said, 'I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't. It's gotten so there is more distinction in not being a Kentucky colonel than in being one.'

"Col. Winn had an apartment in the Waldorf



Ben Jones: He was a natural at it.

Towers in New York. He went to all the resorts as a guest, not hustling and scuffling like some promotion man. But once he set down to talk he started selling himself and his race. Toward the end he did get to become a hero to himself, but he wasn't overbearing about it. Through that last part of his life, the Derby was all he thought about, night and day.

"Earlier, he ran I think it was 11 different racetracks, all over. Why the only thing that kept Churchle going in the Depression was Latonia, the old Latonia. Latonia paid the bills that kept the Derby going during the Depression. A lot of people in Louisville have conveniently forgotten that. Winn knew everything about everybody in Louisville. He once read me chapter and verse on everybody in the city. He told me it would be helpful for me and Churchle when he was gone, knowing these things. You're damn right they were unsavory. That was the point.

"The Colonel knew everybody everywhere. There were very few outstanding people in the country he was not friendly with. I knew his thinking: you get the ladies and gentlemen, and the ordinary people will beat the doors down to get in. From 1920 through the Second World War, anybody who was anybody—social leaders, business leaders, political leaders—were at the Derby. They say they get 130,000 now, but who are these people?

"The Colonel made the Derby class. He wouldn't allow anybody to put a company name on their box. I don't care if you were General Mills or Dun & Bradstreet. When he hired me, he said, 'Brownie, you are now working for the biggest sports event in the country, and maybe the world—and you are to go first-class. People are not going to see the

continued



Hollie Hagher: He kidded about what he'd do to my black horse.

man from the Kentucky Derby being cheap. You have an unlimited expense account when it comes to the Derby. But, Browne, there's nobody faster at throwing money away than me—I've spent a lifetime doing it—so I'll know if you're just throwing it away."

"One of my main jobs was to stop everybody from just sitting around in his office. Everybody knew him, so they would come by and he would give them a drink, which would warm them up, and then they would overstay. The Colonel would have a bourbon along with them, but he had instructed this old colored fellow to give him just a quarter of an ounce, just enough to color it. After a while I would come in and tell the Colonel that so-and-so was on the phone, very important."

"He worked hard to get the Derby on the sports pages, but he never bowed and scraped to the press the way some of them did afterward. He was not easily impressed. About the first day I came to work, he gave me two letters to answer. One was from Barney Gimbél asking if he couldn't get another box for the Derby. The other was from some little old lady from Indiana who was up in her 70s. She said she expected she didn't have much longer, and that if she should go to heaven and St. Peter asked her if she had ever seen the Kentucky Derby, she would be very embarrassed to have to say she had not."

"Winn said, 'Browne, you write Barney Gimbél I haven't got another box I can give him, and then you send this old lady from Indiana two tickets with my compliments.'

"He believed that the Derby belonged to the people. The way it used to be around here, the oldtimers would take chairs out and set 'em up on the street the morning of Derby Day and watch the cars stream through to Louisville. It was a big time. The Colonel often said that New York or Los Angeles, a place like that, couldn't have the Derby. It would get swallowed up there. Here the Derby was everything. We'd put up \$120,000, and down here that was like we were giving away Long Island."

"But you see, the Colonel had great care. He was a showman and he sold the Derby, but he cared for it, too. His major concern for the Derby was making it bigger year by year and having nice people come to it. He would change the flower beds every year. I can see him now, standing out there, studying the beds by the hour. He told me that if people were going to keep on coming to the Derby, losing their money, he didn't want them seeing the same thing every year. But now, except for minor innovations, the beds haven't been changed for years."

"I think the Derby is a cinch to blow up if they keep getting further away from the Colonel and keep running it just to make money."

Plain Ben Jones and his son Jimmy brought 14 colts to the Derby in 12 different years, from 1938, when Lawrin won, until 1958, when Tim Tam did. Eleven of the 14 finished first or second. In all, the Joneses had eight wins, three seconds, a third and two fifths. In 1948 they finished one-two with Citation and Countdown.

There has never been anyone else who could

bring a horse to a peak for the Derby the way the Joneses did. Officially, Plain Ben was credited with the first six winners, Jimmy with the last two. Actually it was always a joint venture, even after Plain Ben retired. It was like a treasure map, half of which each had swallowed.

Plain Ben died in 1961, but Jimmy, who has not trained for a decade, is still active in racing. He wears tassel shoes and everybody at the track calls him Mister Jones now, which means he is an owner. He is watching the races from a box seat as he talks:

"The first Derby I saw was 1917, which Omar Khayyam won. I sat on the top of a paddock shed. At one time or other I've sat just about everywhere at the Derby."

"Around that time, there was only about two places still racing in America, Kentucky and Maryland. Old Hughes was on the Supreme Court, and they had just about thrown racing out. It was so bad my father had to breed some of his thoroughbreds to make work horses out of them."

"We ran mostly out of the country—Mexico, Cuba, Canada in the summer. We were running some horses at Juarez when Pancho Villa took the town. They shipped me north across the river when they heard he was coming, but I came right back. I can still remember all the dead Mexicans laying in the streets. Pancho Villa's men came out to the racetrack and they were taking all the black horses. I guess they figured to make a black-horse escadrille. The best horse my father had was named Lemon Joe, and he was black. So Dad wrapped an old sack filled with mud around one of his legs and then bandaged it over, so that Lemon Joe appeared to have a bad limp. So they left him and took his saddle."

"The Derby was very important, even then. It was especially big in the Midwest. A lot of the crowd was down from Chicago. Of course, by the same token, I can remember my father planning all summer to go into the Sioux City Derby. We considered that a very important race."

"My father was raised up there in the cow country of Missouri, but all he ever wanted was horses. I was galloping horses when I was nine years old. It became a way of life, horses, you might say. My father was a natural at it,

continued



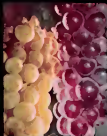
Don Meade: He grabbed my saddlecloth, and I went to the whip.



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but he was a peculiar fellow. I never in all my life ever saw him cleaning out a stall or working on a bad leg, things like that. As I say, he was just a natural at it.

"I never imagined we would ever get to a Derby, much less win one. The thing is, you must set up stepping-stones to it. And I like to run a horse before a big crowd. It's a psychological thing. Many horses are not ready for the big Derby crowd. And, of course, many horses are overready. The trainers don't leave a race in them, I'm trying to remember now, but I can't think of one horse we ever ran in the Derby that didn't run at least as well as we expected. And the ones you don't expect to win are probably the most satisfying—Lawrin, Ponder, Iron Liege.

"But I would have to say that Citation was the most exciting, because we ran one-two, which hadn't been done since Colonel Bradley, and not since, either. There was a personal satisfaction too, because I had Citation myself out East while my father had Coaltown. Coaltown was kind of a sickly horse as a 2-year-old. I thought he was dying one time in Chicago, but he got good in the winter in Florida, and then he started breaking records and was undefeated coming into the Derby while Citation had two losses.

"But you could explain both those losses. As a 2-year-old, our filly Bewitched beat him. I believe at that moment she was ground up a little finer, and I told the jockeys I didn't want the horses beat up. Then a few weeks before the Derby, Saggy beat him in the mud up at Havre de Grace. Now I don't want to take anything away from Saggy—he comes from a good mud family—but that was a phony race. It was the first time Arcaro rode Citation, and I told him, 'Eddie, don't thump him and bump him all around. I want to keep the flesh on him.' This was one of those stepping-stones I mentioned to you. And he got caught on the outside of some horse—I can't remember his name but it had five letters—and by the time he got clear it was too late to go after Citation without whipping him all up.

"But these losses are why a lot of the Kentucky people couldn't understand why we were even bringing Citation in. They said, 'Jimmy, all's you gonna see is that little brown horse's behind.' I said, 'Well, you can call me an imbecile if that happens.'

"But I'll tell you, that talk scared Arcaro. He had chosen the wrong horse in an entry for the Derby once before, the time he took Devil Diver and runs out and Shut Out wins it. Arcaro had just recently got on Citation, too. Albert Sander had been riding him, and Citation ran just like greased lightning for him, but, unfortunately, after he wins the Flamingo, Sander goes fishing in the Keys and a storm blows up and drowns him.

"So I called Arcaro, and he said, 'Jimmy, I'm sorry, but I've promised Ben Whitaker I would ride his horse in the Derby.' Horse named My Request. I said, 'Eddie, My Request is a fine horse, but Citation is a *different* kind of horse.' So he comes down to Havre de Grace and rides him and finds this out. But then down in Louisville he hears all this talk about Coaltown, and he comes over to me and says, 'Are you sure I'm on the right horse?' I said, 'Don't you worry. You're on the right horse.'

"Both my father and I felt sure Citation would knock hell out of Coaltown, though my father was hoping he was wrong. It would have been a little more satisfying for him

to tie Derby Dick Thompson's record [four winners] with the one he had been handling himself.

"But what we really wanted was first and second, so we told Arcaro, now don't press Coaltown too early because we want him to have enough left for second. We talked about this so much, Eddie got a little dreamy. Down the backstretch Coaltown was stealing away four-five-six lengths. But finally he slapped him a couple times and Citation went past him in a sixteenth of a mile and then galloped, and Coaltown had plenty left to beat My Request.

"We raced the two together only one other time. We made a sprinter out of Coaltown. Citation went on to win the Triple Crown and to be the first horse to make a million dollars, but to this day there are still a lot of people down there who think we pulled Coaltown.

"Citation's time was slow in the Derby, but it was sloppy that day, a real mess, and it was a much deeper track then. We had set the record with Whirlaway in '41. He won by eight lengths. When you see a horse set a record off by himself like that, you know you've got something. You see a horse set a record in a tight finish, it means a whole bunch of them have run fast, so it is probably the track. They changed the track at Churchill Downs in the summer of '56. They went over to Douglas Park because they were going to tear it down, and a lot of the horsemen thought it was a better surface than Churchill, so they skinned the dirt and brought it over.

"Now I've been around dirt all my life, and it has a peculiar quality. It takes several years for dirt to meld, to get together. When Tim Tam won in 1958, it was raining and it was like racing in chewing gum, but by the time Decidedly broke the record in '62 the soil had gotten together. A couple years later the track began to get a little waxy, so they rebuilt it again, and now you sprinkle a little water on it and it's like a pavement.

"The best Derby of them all may have been '57, and it was the first winner I actually saddled myself. That was the vintage Derby: Bold Ruler, Gallant Man, Round Table, and we had to scratch Gen. Duke out of it, before Hartack wins it with Iron Liege. I guess, taken as a whole, you've got to say that was the finest group that ever ran.

"I had great luck with Hartack. He could really ride a finish. He didn't have the best judgment, I don't think, and he wasn't pretty riding, but from the eighth pole you wanted him on your horse. I'll tell you how he won that Derby: Iron Liege was a funny horse. Most all horses like to run on the outside, but Iron Liege was stupid out there. Yet on the inside he was a champion. He never got beat there. Well, Hartack placed him on the inside and held him there, and when he came around that last corner he just started jangling those other horses to death.

"It's not an exact science, you know. You just try to fix it so they might come up their best at 5:30 that afternoon in Louisville."

In the tidy house, down a side street in Hollywood, Fla., five minnies from Gulfstream, the little man sits alone with his mother, who is hard-of-hearing, and a tiny old dog who has gone blind with age. Since the little man has had five ulcers and three-fourths of his stomach removed, he must be careful, too, so now he is only sipping sweet fruit wine.

continued

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He has just turned 60. His mother is 82, but aside from the deafness she is undiminished, and she is sitting at the dining-room table, dealing solitaire. Behind her, when the little man utters a mild profanity or while he briefly tells of sowing wild oats in New Orleans when he was a teen-ager, 45 years ago, he drops his voice, lest his mother have revealed to her, at 82, these flaws in his character.

It is hard to believe that this fellow, so charming and sentimental, was once Don Meade, the scourge of the tracks, the jockey who invented the behavior that Bill Hartack later copyrighted. For a time Don Meade was the best jockey in the land, maybe in the whole world, but he came too fast from the backwoods scrub of South Dakota, and he never learned to lay off. Finally, everybody—trainers, owners, stewards—just said to hell with it; nobody, no matter how good, is worth that much aggravation. "He couldn't be told nothing," an old trainer recalls. "That S.O.B. knew who the Unknown Soldier was."

Times are not so palmy for Meade now—although he is not complaining, mind you. The stomach operation has hung him up: the only horse he has to train is the one he owns. His wife is in the hospital with a broken neck from an automobile accident, a son is busted up in another hospital from a motorcycle accident. But Donnie Jr. is the top rider in New England, and there are five good kids, all grown now, all intitled DLM, all bearing a greater resemblance to their mother, which the father counts as a distinct blessing. Mrs. Meade was a Copa show girl when he met her. He calls her "Madame Queen" on account of "she must be a queen to put up with me for 29 years."

He is still sure and cocky; maybe if you are only five feet tall and out of South Dakota you never figure you're far enough ahead. But the brazen kid who won the 1933 Derby, the most turbulent of them all, has been overhauled. That day, Meade, a teen-age man-child with a puckish comic-strip face and the educated hands of a second-story man, rode Col. F.R. Bradley's Brokers Tip to victory, hand-fighting Jockey Herb Fisher on Head Play down the stretch. Few in the stands noticed the skirmish and the track stewards would not consider the claim of foul by Fisher, who left for the jocks' room in tears.

Although Meade and Fisher barely knew each other at the time, their notorious shared moment joined them in perhaps the most symbiotic relationship in sports. Only Don Meade can appreciate what Herb Fisher has had to put up with. Meade knows that almost every day someone will ask him about the '33 Derby. It is a tedious imposition but, as Meade points out, at least he won the race. Herb Fisher has to endure it, too, and he lost.

Fisher lives only a few miles from Meade. While he was not as talented a rider, Fisher has had more success as a trainer. But here it is the 100th Derby, and all anybody asks him about is the Derby he lost 41 years ago.

The phone rings at Herb Fisher's house. He picks it up and listens dutifully, and then answers quite firmly—not rudely, but with sufficient edge to inform the caller that he feels intruded upon. "Do we have to always dredge up these memories?" he asks. "They're gone. I don't want to live back there. My remarks have been on the record for 40 years, and I'm sure there's nothing to add now."

"You can understand what he goes through, can't you?"

Meade asks solicitously, in Fisher's behalf. He is concerned for Fisher, which is part of the burden of having won. Talking of himself, Meade says:

"I still weigh 109. I never had any weight trouble. When I was 12 years old I started riding quarter horses. 50¢ a race, 52¢ if you won, down at the bush tracks in Nebraska, and I was really in demand because you got catch weights there, and I only weighed 48 pounds. I left home at 13. I really had no one to tell me what to do. I had to make my own way, so I just grew up fast. I broke my maiden out in Vancouver when I was 16. July 5, 1930. By that winter, that's 1930-31, I was the leading rider in New Orleans."

"I was patterning my style then after Laverne Fator. He was the greatest rider ever. I don't care who they say, he was the best. I was just on my way then, like a young Di-Maggio coming in, but Fator was going out, drinking. We were riding together in Maryland, the fall of '32, and he had a mount for Col. Bradley in the last race one day. It was a nothing race, a stumblebum race, but it was the reason I won the Derby the next year. Because Fator was drinking, and he couldn't ride, and they put me up, and that's how I started riding for Col. Bradley."

"Now here was a great man. What else can I say? He was a great man. He gave away \$200 in tips to race-track bums every day of his life. These guys would line up and he'd give 'em each a ten as he left the track. Christmas, everybody in his stable would get a big bonus. It would start at the lowest, with the hot-walkers getting something like a hundred. Remember, this is the Depression. That's like a thousand today. He gave me \$5,500 when I won the Derby and that was enough for me to get my whole family, my mother and all my brothers and sisters, out of South Dakota to California. And I had some left over. Listen, you could cahuret all night for \$20 then."

"I'll tell you what kind of a man Col. Bradley was. He ran the best gambling place in Palm Beach, and in the summer he'd bring his whole kitchen up from Palm Beach to Saratoga. I'd come in from exercising the first set around 6.30, and they'd be serving creamed quail on toast. You'd never know who was going to be there—Jim Farley, Elliott Roosevelt, the President's son, Winston Churchill. The Colonel knew everybody."

"He named all his horses starting with B, and he had another horse coming up to the Derby in '33 named Boiler-maker, who was considered the better choice for a while, but he was a speed burner, and Brokers Tip was the one I liked even though he was a maiden. He had only one race that year before the Derby, but a few days before the race we took him out and did the mile and a quarter with the full 126. And he did it in 2:06.2. So after that I knew I had a winner. I called my mother up in South Dakota and I told her I was going to win. She'll remember that. Mother. Hey, Mother. Listen, listen. Remember I called you up right before the Derby?"

"Yes, yes, I heard it on the radio."

"No, before the Derby, Mother. Remember what I told you when I called you up before the Derby?"

"You said you were so happy to be riding for Col. Bradley, and—"

"No, no, not that. Don't you remember I said I'd win the Derby? Remember. I told you I would win."

"Mmmm. Oh yes."

continued

DERBY

"You see, I knew before the race I would win, off that work. The Colonel scratched Boilermaker, but even then we went off at 8 to 1. If Bradley hadn't owned him he would have been 50 to 1.

"The track was off, and it was deep, but it wasn't raining. Dick Thompson was the trainer, but he didn't tell me a whole lot. He was good at letting you ride the race. These guys who tell you to lay third. What if five other trainers tell the jockeys to lay third?"

"Anyway, I started way outside, and he had no speed. We only had one horse beat at the first turn. I had brought him over, though, and I stayed about 10 feet off the rail the whole way around. The track was too deep in any closer, and if I had tried to go around a field that size, I wouldn't have had any chance. But I got through every horse on the inside, and by the time we got to the head of the stretch the only two ahead of me were Head Play and Charley O, who was trying to make a move on the outside. Then he fell back, and I moved up alongside Head Play. And this is where it all happened. Fisher came over on me, and I know if he gets me closer to that heavy footing on the rail, I ain't going to be in the hunt, so I reach out and push him off, and he reaches back at me, and boom-boom, that's it." Meade sits back and takes another sip from the glass of the sweet fruit wine.

Wait a minute. Hold on. What do you mean "Boom-boom, that's it?"

"Well, it was all so fast. It's all just a matter of seconds. It was just a natural reaction. It didn't occur to me at that time what race it was. It was just another race, so when Head Play came over on me I pushed him off, and then Fisher reacted. It did get a little wilder as we went along. At one point he didn't even have hold of his reins. He was trying to hold me with one hand and hit me with the other, with the whip. I had the best hold, and I never let loose."

Five years ago, in an interview, Fisher stated, "He grabbed my saddlecloth, and I went to the whip, and then we more or less dug Brokers Tip a quarter of a mile." This is a glossy accounting, but it squares with the tenor of the remark Fisher made as he went to the showers after the race, still sozzled. "He beat me out of it," he cried then. While there is no question that both were guilty of rough stuff, it is also well documented that Fisher brought it on by letting his mount come in on Brokers Tip, just as he had the horse go out on Charley O seconds before.

But curiously, perhaps nobly, Meade volunteers that he was really the one at fault. "I think if it were any other race but the Derby and I was riding for anyone else but Col Bradley, they would have taken me down," he says.

But Fisher lugged in on you.

"I shoved him away with my hands," He shrugs and takes another sip of the wine. He beat Herb Fisher when it counted, he has no mind to take any part in doing it again.

"After the ceremonies, I walked into the jockeys' room, and Fisher came at me. He had one of those bootjacks made of that hard wood. Have they still got those wooden poles there in the jockeys' room? Well, I happened to be right by this one pole and I ducked, and that bootjack put a dent in that pole you could still see for years. So they gave us both 30 days for the riding, and they gave Herb an extra fine for starting the fight."

"This meant neither one of us could ride in the Preakness, which was just as good for me since Head Play won by 10 lengths and Brokers Tip finished 10th. He never won another race. The Derby was his one race, and that was it."

"I never saw much of Fisher. He rode mostly out of Chicago and I was in New York. The few times we did see each other, we wouldn't talk. Never said a word to each other. Then, in 1965, at the dinner when they took Jackie Westrope into the Jockeys Hall of Fame at Pimlico, Sonny Workman came over and he said it was all in the past and time we made up. And so we did. We shook hands and talked for a while, and then a few minutes later Herb came back over and asked Madame Queen to dance, and when he took her out on the dance floor, you could hear everyone saying, 'Look, the Hatfields and McCays have made up. The Hatfields and McCays have made up.'"

"Of course, it still comes up all the time, and I know it'll be worse than ever this year with the 100th. You understand what Herb has to go through? You understand that?"

Far from a soft Kentucky May, fresh snow covers the ground and the tart morning air cuts clean. Hollie Hughes, 86 years old, waits with his horses in a stable, as he has on 25,000 other mornings in his life. He first came to the Sanford Stud when he was a boy, when Grover Cleveland was President, the second time, of course. In 1905, when he was 17, he started working for Sanford. He has been training for Sanford going on 60 years. He won the Derby for Sanford in 1916 with a black colt named George Smith.

Hollie Hughes is not the oldest Derby survivor. An ancient chap in Louisville even claims, vaguely, dubiously, to have seen the first one in 1875. But in a special way Hollie Hughes' antiquity counts most because he is still doing precisely what he was doing on May 13, 1916. He is training horses for Sanford Stud. Most people are ravaged by time, but Mr. Hughes seems only to have been justified. "They say I've got the blood pressure of a 12-year-old," he exclaims, more with wonder than pride, in a voice full and resonant. His eyes are especially vivid, since there are no glasses to get in the way. Against the cold this morning he wears an overcoat, a fedora and a pair of rubbers. His manly is what purports to be an electric heater, it has skyrocketed the tack-room temperature to a point slightly above the freezing mark.

There are moments when Mr. Hughes can be somewhat disconcerting: passing references to "the 40s" or "51" turn out to mean the 1840s and 1851. But there is no ambiguity when he talks about his Derby. The chart of the race suggests that the second-place finisher, Star Hawk, was the better horse, and a news report of the day was more explicit. "Star Hawk was left at the barn" . . . and Jockey Lilley took him into every pocket he could find." Hollie Hughes will have none of that. He thinks history has short-changed George Smith, his Derby winner.

"I lived about a mile from the Sanford Farm, in Amsterdam, N.Y. The farm's been going about a hundred years now. General Sanford started it, although he was never a general. It was just that he went to West Point back when Grant and what's-his-name—right, Lee—when Grant and Lee were going there, so they called him General.

"The farm was 28 miles from Saratoga, and when we

continued

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DERBY continued

first started we used to walk the horses the 28 miles over there to run them. I did anything to be done at the time. I wasn't particular. Then I was foreman, and the training thing just developed along. They engaged me to be trainer in the middle of the Saratoga meeting of 1914.

"We brought George Smith as a 2-year-old the next year, 1915. He had been racing up in Canada and had been winning everything up there. I say everything because he had won every race. Then we raced him once that fall, down in Laurel in October, and when he won that we began to think, hell, this horse might win the Derby. The Derby was coming along then. Mr. Whitney had won it that year with Regret.

"So we shipped George Smith down to Charleston. The last year they had racing down there was 1913, and this was '15, but there were quite a number of stables wintering there. Col. Bradley had his horses there. A.K. Macomber was the other big stable. He had married Myrtle Harkness. That's where the money came from; her father was one of the original Standard Oil people. Walter Jennings trained for Mr. Macomber, and we got to be great pals. He would kid me about what this horse he had would do to my black horse in the Derby. Yes, this horse of his would be Star Hawk.

"We shipped early in April from Charleston and raced George Smith late in April at the old Lexington track. This was the only race he had as a 3-year-old before the Derby. It was a mile and a sixteenth. A nice mare named Bayberry Candle beat him, but he was giving her 21 pounds on the scale. And we were just trying to help the horse. They don't give a damn now. Put the money up, before Christmas, after Christmas, and they'll be there, running.

"Then we went over to Louisville. The Derby was run on the 13th that year, I'm pretty sure. But you can look that up. George Smith was coming up to it well. He trained real easy. He was a rather rangy sort, a magnificent type of horse to go a distance of ground. He was a perfect-mannered horse, too, no more trouble than a pet cat. Most people think he was named after Pittsburgh Phil because that happened to be Pittsburgh Phil's real name, George Smith. But this is not the case. He was named by a fellow named Fiddie McBride, who comes from Baltimore, where he peddled ice, and when he had the horse he named him for a friend of his up in Canada. I never met this George Smith, not even after we won the Derby. He just never appeared.

"George Smith was a complete failure when Mr. Sanford put him to stud, so nobody ever hears of him. This is a shame. The last race he ever ran was the Bowie Handicap in 1918, the fall he was a 5-year-old. He carried 130, and Omar Khayyam, who had won the Derby the year before, carried 115, and F.terminator, who had won it that year, carried 120, and George Smith beat the both of them. You'd have to check those weights to make sure that's absolutely correct, but that's approximately the way it was. He beat the both of them, giving 10 and 15 pounds.

"But don't listen to me about George Smith. The year he was a 4-year-old Pres Burch had him, and he still says, 'He's the best horse I ever trained.' The best. That's all right, you go ahead and quote him. You don't have to go see Pres. He's told me that enough. 'The best horse I ever trained.' He had George Smith that year because I was in the Army. I was in what they called a Field Resort Squad-

ron, which meant that we were supposed to go out in the middle of the battle and replace horses that had been shot.

"Well, the last night out before we landed at Le Havre, we stayed up playing poker all night. You couldn't open any windows, and with all the smoke, what a headache I had in the morning when we docked. So I got off the boat in Le Havre feeling like hell, and all the people in town are running around shouting, '*Fin la guerre, fin la guerre.*' And I said, 'What does that mean?' And they said, 'The war just ended.' And I said, 'That suits me.' I had landed the day the war ended.

"But before that, the Derby year. It was a beautiful day, the 13th. The center field was full of people then, too, although nothing was so organized then. Nobody was looking out for me just because I had a horse in the Derby, but this tobacco man had a box, and he saw me standing there. I think he knew I had a horse. He said, 'Where you gonna sit?' I hadn't thought of that. I guess I thought I was going to stand, and I said so. And he said, 'Well, why don't you sit with me?' And I said, 'I'll accept your invitation.' So that was where I saw the Derby.

"We had Johnny Loftus up and there was no better rider. He had been on George Smith down at Lexington, too, so he knew the horse. I told Loftus not to make much use of him early, and then to let him go along from about the three-eighths pole. Now you don't put a rider like Loftus down, but that was just about what happened. George Smith was near the outside, and he came out of the webbing and settled in easily and came to the lead around the three-eighths pole.

"Now the Macomber horse was coming from far back and was closing on George Smith down the stretch. But here's the thing: Loftus had so much confidence, he was just sitting on my horse. He knew the horse he had under him. George Smith only won by a neck, but that didn't mean anything, because Loftus was just so confident he was only sitting on him.

"When I got down to the track, the first man I spoke to was Charles Grainger, who was the president of Churchill Downs, and I believe he had been mayor of Louisville, too. You can look that up. And Mr. Grainger said to me, 'If Loftus had gotten this horse beaten today, he never would have ridden another race.'

"Mr. Grainger could see that George Smith was so much the better horse. And he was right. The Macomber horse never amounted to anything after that. But make no mistake, horsewise, it took just as much of a horse to win the Derby then as now. Horsewise.

"Then we had the presentation. George Smith won \$9,750, and I got 10% of that. Ten percent of \$9,750 was a lot of money to me then. It doesn't sound like much but it was a lot of money at that time.

"I never was in another Derby. The year George Smith went to stud I was down in Lexington—I had some mares over there—and I came over to see the Derby with my old friend, Snapper Garrison. It was the last one I ever saw.

"A few years later I had a horse named Snoh, and I told Mr. Sanford we ought to put him in the Derby because he might win. But Mr. Sanford could be a peculiar man. He said, 'I have won one Derby. I have no desire to win any other.' So I never had any reason to go back."

END

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week April 18-21

PRO BASKETBALL—**ABA**—Indiana's Pacers, down by two games against Utah in the Western Division Finals, had depression added to defeat when only a 137th fan showed up for the third game in Indianapolis...the lowest playoff crowd to attend a Pacers game at the State Fairgrounds in two years. The defeated Pacers lost 99-90. The Stars' Ron Stone and Willie Davis, who had combined for 38 points in Utah's 106-102 victory in Game Two, continued to shine with 24 and 18 points in the fourth game. Boone and Wynn stalked Utah in a 44-point lead minutes into the second half, but then Pacers' pride, in the person of Guard Freddie Lewis, prevented a seven-point lead with a brilliant 112-107 comeback. Lewis registered a personal playoff high of 40 points, shooting 16 for 25. And Forward George McClinton, who continued his profile, scoring with 30 points, assisted a week's end "If only we're not dead." But the Kentucky Cats, once again dead, came up shy by the New York Nets 96-80, 89-87 and 101-90 for a 4-0 series defeat (page 24).

NHL—Minnesota after Milwaukee destroyed Chicago 10-3 in the playoff opener. Coach Dick Motta was asked if he had considered taking a deliberate tactical foul to expose his team. Well, he answered, "I thought about it, but I've decided to have the extra man." In Game Two, Motta didn't want a technical as the Bulls came within two of scoring on a 20-point deficit and a tremendous performance by Milwaukee Center Kathryn Alstad-Jahner (34 points, 21 rebounds, only six fouls 113-111, but in Game Three, Motta finally found provocations for penalties. The hore coach drew a technical from Referee Earl Stiven for objecting to an offensive foul against Edmund Chen Walker when the Bulls were down 71-58 in the third period. Motta ripped off his jacket and threw it at Stiven, saying, "Here, you've taken everything else, you might as well take this, too." But Stiven was taking none of it and Motta with his second technical in 12 seconds and an automatic ejection. As it turned out, anywhere that Motta went the Bulls were sure to follow. Chicago's history the Bulls was blown out for some seriously unfilled terms in Stiven only seconds later. And stayed Bull Captain Arny Stien led 39 seconds after that. Then the rest of the Bulls went down 109-113-90 to fall behind Milwaukee 3-2. Meanwhile, Boston continues New York at home 11-11, 99 for a 2-0 lead in the last game. But the Knicks refused to let a Bruins and survived a 20-point Celtic rally to win the third game 103-90, thanks largely to Walt Frazier's 18 points. The Celtics then rode John Havlicek's 36 points into the Knicks and a mascot New York crowd 99-90 for a 3-0 series lead.

GOLF—**LIFE ELDER** seek an 18-foot birdie put on the fourth hole of a sudden-death playoff to win the \$150,000 Monsanto Open over England's Peter Oosterhuis.

tenors. Eddie's victory makes him the first black player to become eligible for the Masters.

30 ANN PRENTICE buried the fourth hole of a three-way sudden-death playoff to defeat Jim Blacklock by a stroke for the \$25,000 prize on the \$200,000 Colgate-Danish State Women's Celtic in Palm Springs. Sandra Haynes was third (page 26).

HOCKEY—**NHL** The preface to the Espinoza-Stern between Chicago and Boston provided a small clue as to what to expect in the intermetropolitan. Goals in 100th best. Blacked Los Angeles for the second time, 1-0, and the Black Hawks wrapped up the series 4-1 on Jim Fox's 43-foot slap shot in the third period. Meanwhile Boston finally had swept Toronto aside on four straight. But Boston's Phil was straighten up with only one goal. In the Hawks-Boston series opener, Phil brought out of his scoring slump with a goal and an assist, but Tony was even better, scoring 40 of 48 shots to give Chicago a 4-2 surprise win in Boston. In Game Two, Phil and the Bulls got even as they outplayed Tony 5-6. Meanwhile, New York showed down the Canadiens with a 5-2 overtime win in Montreal, then put their dent of the playoffs, 3-2, in New York (page 24). The victory marked the third straight win that the Rangers had eliminated the defending Stanley Cup champion in the first round, but then the New Yorkers fell to Philadelphia 4-0 in their first Stanley Cup semifinal.

WHA—The Chicago Cougars won the biggest game in the club's history—a 3-2 seventh-game playoff clincher against defending champion New England—only to learn hours as less than competing heroes. The Chicago International Amphitheatre, where the team played on home games this year, had booked a mid-size production of *Free Fall*, then packing the arena unsuitable for the Cougars' anticipated possession ring. Now the team will host Toronto (4-3) conqueror of Cleveland in the fifth and deciding game of their series in the Eastern Division Finals in the Reddipoli. Even for Arena as Mount Rogers, 16. The Cougars had a much 17-year-old goalies, they drew their largest Toronto crowd of the season, 1,600, to the opener of the series and pulled in 1,600. Next President John F. Kennedy, Hendon and Minnesota displayed equal parts of anxiety and anxiety to split their first two playoff games: the first going to the Fighting Saints 5-3 on Mike Walker's overtime tally, the second to the Aeros 3-2 as Mark Howe contributed his 6th playoff goal and Larry Lund took the Game Three Minnesota was reader and won 4-1.

AMATEUR HOCKEY—THE SOVIET UNION clinched the World Championship with a 3-1 victory over Sweden in the final game at Helsinki, Finland. Czechoslovakia, upset in its first game by Finland

5-4, gained the silver medal and Sweden won the bronze.

HORSE RACING—**FLIP SAL** (\$200,000) and **RUBE THE GREAT** (\$5) won the trifurcation of the \$271,700 Wood Memorial Stakes at Aqueduct (page 7).

LACROSSE—**Top-ranked MARYLAND** defeated five goals in the third quarter and downed No. 4 Navy 12-7 at College Park. The Tar Heels' eighth win, five games. Meanwhile, No. 2 Johns Hopkins was handled Brown 21-7; Washington and Lee outscored No. 3 Virginia at Charlottesville 13-11 and HOBART capped Cornell State 10-9 in overtime.

MOTOR SPORTS—**RICHARD FITY** led for all but 2nd and 3rd laps and won the Chevy Silverado 400 at North Wilkesboro, N.C., finishing nearly a mile ahead of runner-up Chic Yorbarough. The victory, an average 80.20 mph, earned Fity \$4,153 and the prize lead in the Winston Cup Grand National Series.

TENNIS—**JEFF BOROWIAK** defeated Dick Seckert 6-4, 5-7, 7-6 to win \$10,000 and his first WCT Blue Group tournament, at Charleston, S.C.

MILEPOSTS—**GRANTED** By the U.S. District Court, a temporary injunction order blocking the NFL from raising the NFL's contract benefits. The suit, filed by National Coach PAUL BROWNE, against the Cincinnati Middle Leukemia Bill BILLY, who signed with the Washington Redskins franchise for the 1979 season. His NFL contract expires in 1979.

NAMED As president of the National Football Foundation Hall of Fame, DIC KEMMEL, 41, All-American running back in the early '50s and Princeton's only Heisman Trophy winner, succeeded former U.S. Senator George Murphy.

NAMED The 1974 "Chancellor All America" honor. ANDREA ANDERSON, U.S. of Florida senior, JULIE JO CICH-FORD, Indiana State sophomore, IL NE JAHN, Civil Roberts senior, RUTH SAMUELS, Southern California junior, RANDY SVN, Alabama junior, and MICKEY V ROD WARKLE, New Mexico State junior, were evaluated by the Board of Trustees of the International Championship Foundation.

DIED RAY LEE, 26, captain of the Adelphi U. track team, in an automobile accident in Garden City, N.Y.

DIED JOHN HENRY LEWIS, 60, world light heavyweight boxing champion from 1923 to 1936; after a long battle in Berkeley, Calif., Lewis held the title through five successful defenses and posted a 90-8 career record.

CREDITS

5—Sarah Kagan, 22—And Kagan-Albert Ste, 33—Tony Trico, 23—John D. Hudson, 32, 33—Marty Elmer, 38—Hir to Champion, 38—J.P. 40—Hir to Champion, 43—Steady & Long, 71—Kagan by David Mills, 74—Tony Trico, 72—Helenopolis Press, Chicago Tribune.

FACES IN THE CROWD

GINNY BYRD, a senior on the Midway (OKla.) High girls' basketball team, was the NCAA Conference scoring leader with a 20.9 average and shared the league's outstanding player and title. With 39 points in each of the last six games, her career total was 2,043.

BART CONNER, a sophomore at Niles West High in Skokie, Ill., won the state high school all-around gymnastic title with a 8.39 average, placing in the top five in every required event except the horizontal bar and winning the parallel bars for the second year.

KYOSHI KATO, 46, of Honolulu, and **BERYL HENSHAW**, 59, of Connersburg, Pa., gave the American Bowling Congress its first 500 games on consecutive days at the 71st Annual Tournament in Indianapolis. Henshaw, a 174-average bowler competing in his first ABC tournament, set his perfect score in a doubles event, marking up a 622 series on games of 151, 300 and 171. The next day Kato registered his 300, also in doubles, and finished with two games of 149 for a 598 series. Two perfect games in one tournament have occurred only four times in ABC history.

LORI KOSTEN, of Memphis, became the youngest player, at eight years old, ever to win the Tennessee State 10-and-under Open and Closed tennis championship at Nashville. She also captured both the Southwest Juniors and Memphis City titles in her age group.

ROBBY BAITY, 10, a guard for the Marion (Ind.) Pal Club, led the Junior Pro Basketball League in scoring with an average of 27.2 points per game and took his Stewards to the championship with 34 points on 15 of 21 field goals and four of five free throws.

How dare we compare our rates

Comparison of Auto Insurance Rates

For a 23-year Old, Unmarried, Male Driver*

CONTINENTAL



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Cincinnati, Ohio	398
Miami, Fla	480
Minneapolis, Minn.	454
New Orleans, La	527

MEDIUM CITIES

Akron, Ohio	452
Gary, Ind.	598
Nashville, Tenn	322
Pasadena, Calif	429
Rochester, N.Y.	457
San Mateo, Calif	476
Tacoma Wash	410

SMALL CITIES

Appleton, Wisc	358
Bismarck, N D	320
Farmington, N M	429
Huntsville, Ala.	344
New Castle, Pa	358
Pocatello, Idaho	271
Rock Hill, S.C	410
Rutland Vt.	407

* In all cases, rates are quoted on an annual basis and are those in effect January 3, 1974 for the following coverage: \$25,000/\$50,000 Bodily Injury, \$10,000 Property Damage, \$1,000 Medical Payments, \$50 Deductible Comprehensive, \$100 Deductible Collision, Basic Uninsured Motorists, Minimum No-Fault where applicable. Vehicle: 1973 Chevrolet Nova Custom 4 Dr. 8 Cyl. Principal Operator: 23 years old, unmarried, male, driving 3 years, no chargeable accidents or violations. Use: To and from work 9 miles daily, Annual mileage 10,000.

For years, many people have believed that Allstate and State Farm have the lowest auto insurance rates. But look at the chart above.

It's a comparison of rates in 20 cities (representative of all cities throughout the country) based on actual quotations from Allstate and State Farm agents, and ourselves—Continental Insurance.

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Farm every time.



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Now, we can't promise you that our rates will be lower for your specific city, age, car, or desired coverage. Because today companies generally base their

with Allstate and State Farm?

STATE FARM 	ALLSTATE 
\$597	\$563
409	381
511	564
522	425
573	519
439	438
587	516
430	424
483	448
480	462
580	510
465	383
371	336
317	259
390	352
341	295
428	402
396	358
265	292
500	393

Quotations are subject to the following modifications: a) State Farm: Rates do not contemplate a dividend, or membership fee. b) Bra marck, N.D.—Allstate: \$100,000/300,000 Bodily Injury, \$2,000 Medical Payments. c) Tacoma, Wash.—State Farm; Buffalo, N.Y.—Allstate; Rutland, Vt.—State Farm; Huntsville, Ala.—State Farm: Full coverage comprehensive. d) Farmington, N.M.—Allstate; Cincinnati, Ohio—Allstate: \$25,000 Property Damage. e) Cincinnati, Ohio—Allstate: \$50,000/100,000 Bodily Injury.

rates on their actual experience with specific geographical areas and driver classifications.

In addition, each company has different kinds and amounts of discounts. Rates change periodically. And sometimes a company might feel you don't qualify for a specific coverage or rate.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

HENRY AND AL

Sir

The question in my mind was not who would be on the cover of your April 15 issue but, rather, how you were going to picture him. When my copy arrived, I was not disappointed. The photograph of Henry Aaron has to be rated as one of the best covers in SI history. In that split-second click of the camera your photographer captured an image of all the hard work, the joys, the aims and the rewards of a tremendous athlete and wonderful human being. I doubt that I will ever admire a man for sheer talent as much as I admire Henry Aaron.

BILL WHELAN

New Rochelle, N.Y.

Sir

Ren Fimrate hit a home run with his fine article (*End of the Glorious Order*, April 15). He portrayed Henry Aaron as he truly is, a humble human being and a great baseball player. The Braves management did not overdo the historic event with the balloons and fireworks, etc. It is not every night that a man surpasses a legend!

MARK MILLER

Woodridge, Ill.

Sir

Henry Aaron for Sportsman of the Year? Throughout the hoopla of ridiculous questions in countless press interviews, the actions of a somewhat confused commissioner, and those of misguided bosses exposing their true color which I would guess to be green, he has remained a sportsman and a gentleman.

Henry Aaron is one of the finest ballplayers of all times. I also expect he would be at the pinnacle of his profession if he were a chemist, an accountant, a salesman or a college professor.

HOWARD CLARK

Indianapolis

Sir

You write in your article on Henry Aaron's 715th home run that Dodger Pitcher Al Downing will "join a company of victims" including Tom Zachary, who pitched the ball that Babe Ruth hit for his 60th home run of the season, and Gay Ruth, who was on the wrong end of the pitch that the Babe hit out for his record of 714 career round-trippers. I notice, though, that you failed to mention the two hurlers who served up the pitches for Ruth's first record-breaking home runs, i.e., his 28th homer of the 1919 season, which broke Edward Nagle Williamson's record of 27, and his 137th lifetime homer in 1921, which broke Roger Connor's career record of 136. The pitchers were Bob Shawkey of

the Yankees and Dixie Davis of the St. Louis Browns.

Ruth broke the seasonal mark several times, yet none of the ill-fated hurlers who threw the pitches for those homers are remembered, except by baseball trivia buffs.

Neither the 715th homer nor Al Downing will be remembered. What will go down in baseball history, as both Downing and Hammerin' Henry have stated, will be the last home run of Henry's illustrious career and the unfortunate pitcher who happens to be opposing him that day.

DONALD RALLS

Los Angeles

OUTLETS FOOTBALL?

Sir

With the recent signing of Jim Kiick, Larry Csonka and Paul Warfield by the Toronto Northmen (*It's No Longer Such a Small World*, April 15), the new World Football League has put its feet on the ground. The most interesting part, though, was not the WFL's signing of three established NFL veterans, but rather Dolphins Owner Joe Robbie's ranting and raving about foul play. Won't it Robbie who lured away Don Shula, under contract to the Baltimore Colts at the time, by offering him half of Florida's

CHARLIE MILLER

Toledo

Sir

Congratulations to Gary Davidson and the owners of the WFL; they will succeed where Bowie Kuhn has failed. By seriously diluting the level of talent throughout professional football, they will ensure that baseball once again is established as our national pastime.

RIK S. RUMI

Eugene, Ore.

SHERO'S HEROES

Sir

It is incredible that a Philadelphia team has made it twice in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. After a fine article about the Blood and the Hammer (Jan. 28), I really appreciate Mark Mulvey's most recent write-up (*Philly Takes a Flyer on the Cup*, April 15). Nobody seems to believe it but the Hammer, the Hound, Mr. Zero, the Flyer from Flin Flon, Moose, Rabbit, Cowboy, Bag Bird and the rest of Shero's Heroes are going all the way.

CHRISTOPHER J. HARDWICK

Glenade, Pa.

LITTLE LEAGUE LARSEN (CONT.)

Sir

After reading the letter from the two girls who want to participate in Little League baseball (April 15) I feel it is my duty to the

high school and township teams that I play for to stand up for the sport of girls' softball. My town has had a girls' softball league for 12- to 15-year-olds for as long as I can remember, and teams are being added almost every season. With the onset of the New Jersey court battles concerning girls playing baseball (*New Jersey-Pony: Rave Away*, April 22), a second softball program was established for those girls who were previously excluded—the 8- to 11-year-olds—and more than 100 little girls turned out for the program. Every high school has its own girls' softball team, and there are numerous other high school age and women's teams in our area.

I don't know about Farwell, Mich., but if you were to ask around the South Jersey area I doubt that you would find that "most girls can't stand using a softball." The sport is easily as exciting to watch as baseball, the rules being almost exactly the same, and any girl using a glove that has been broken in with a softball will find playing the game as challenging and fun as any baseball game. It's the same as any other sport, girls, you get out of it whatever you put into it.

PAULA M. KRIBBS

Pennsauken, N.J.

Sir

There is a simple solution to the problem of whether or not girls should play Little League baseball with the boys. Instead of setting up a separate softball program for the girls, why not set up a separate hardball program just like the one the boys have? Then, when they get established, maybe a merger can take place.

DALE ALBISON

El Cerrito, Calif.


Sir

I have followed the recent issue of girls' involvement in Little League baseball. I have seen many good arguments on both sides of the ledger, but I'm afraid that everyone seems to be missing the point.

To my way of thinking, the whole issue here is allowing the girls to play, period. All the talk of allowing girls to play with boys is interesting, but what about those girls who are not good enough to play with the boys? Do they get to play anything? No one has thought of them. It is nice to let the greatly talented girls play with the boys; however, will there be any sports program for the remaining 99% of the girls to participate in?

The real issue is the freedom of all girls to compete at their own level of ability in programs comparable to the boys' programs. Let's forget all of this subterfuge and get

CONTINUED



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DELLAN CULRY
Elementary P.E. Teacher

Des Moines

NAMES TO REMEMBER

Sir:

Stoner Creek Stud deserves SI's accolade (SI, March 1989, April 8) for its imaginative and clever naming of its colts and fillies. And not only do some of them win, they are among the best in harness racing.

Pacing and trotting stars from Stoner Creek in recent seasons have included the world champion pacer Albatross, winner of \$1,201,470, last year's filly pacing champion Handle With Care, undefeated in 17 starts and winner of \$141,124, the pacing Triple Crown champion, Most Happy Fella, winner of \$419,833 and syndicated for \$1 million, and his brother, the \$210,000 yearling Ohio Homebush, both out of Laughing Girl. There are also brood, winner of the \$101,242 Cane Futurity, and his high-class stakes-winning half-sister and brother-in-law and Trenchcoat, all out of Gray Sky, another champion filly, Hope Diamond, out of Kimberly Rodney, and Porterhouse, out of Flet Mignon and sire of last year's Harbinger Horse of the Year, Sir Dairac.

Norman Woolworth and David Johnston, co-owners of Stoner Creek Stud, are not only ingenious but prophetic. After Porterhouse won \$367,584 they named his half-brother Scraps. He won \$397.

SEANLEY F. BERGLIN
Executive Editor
Horse World

Chicago

Sir:

That was an interesting note you had on the naming of racehorses. The best-named horse of all time was owned by George Widener and enjoyed a fine career about 70 years ago. His name was Who Goes There. Challenger II was his sire and his dam was After Dark. Not even any of Mrs. Payson's fine names could ever top that one.

JOE MURPHY

St. Charles, Mo.

TEAM NOMENCLATURE

Sir:

Your SCORECARD article "Twist on a Twist" (March 25) brings to mind the Anderson-coop pen-am versatile variety that competes in many sports throughout the world. In their Far East wing they meet the Madras Sports Coat, South Food, the Taipei Type II, the Manila Envelope and the Hong Kong Flu. On their way back they compete with the Alaskan Pipeline (Leaks) and Hawaiian Punch, then on to meet the Reno Divorce, the Denver Sandwich and the Athens (Ga.) Grease. In a short time stand they

(continued)

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18TH HOLE

meet the Lawrence Welk (Bubbles) and the Boston Tea Party (a baseball team known as the Blegs). The name of the Andover team? Andover Again, of course.

By GENE H. BARTARD

Andover, Mass.

SPORTSCASTER (CONT.)

Sir:

In his article *Ooh, Yee, Frank Deford* (April 1), Frank Deford quotes Bill Currie, Pittsburgh sportscaster, as stating that no one among 100 people he interviewed in a street survey even knew what a post pattern was. That speaks more about the stupidity of fans in Pittsburgh than the authenticity of Mr. Currie's conclusion.

Deford further quotes Currie as contending that TV news audiences don't care who won or lost, what the score was, etc. Phooey!

If, as Currie contends, sports is the weakest part of a television news show the reasons are clear. It is spewed out by fast-talking so-called sportscasters with insufficient time for proper reporting, much less articulate commentary. Sport usually comes at the tail end of a broadcast and the viewer has to sit through often uninteresting trivia to get to it. Last, but most significantly, I wonder if Currie and Deford ever realized that maybe more television sportscasters are badly done because they are done by men.

BARBARA GRIFFIN

Newton, Mass.

CUE MASTERS

Sir:

Keith Power's article on the renascence of American billiards (*Playing Like an Amateur*, March 25) was excellent and enlightening in that he clearly defined the difference between three-cushion and pocket billiards (or pool, as we know it today).

He states that Willie Hoppe, Welker Cochran, Jake Schaefer Jr. "and a handful of other Americans no one else in the world seemed able to beat" became the legendary cue masters in the golden era of the '20s and '30s. This is true, with one small exception.

On March 11, 1926 Erich Hagenlocher of Stuttgart, Germany, in a match that is still regarded as one of the bilkead classics of all time, dethroned Jake Schaefer Jr. of Chicago 1,500 to 1,344 to win the world 18.2 ball-line billiard championship at Philadelphia.

The honor of playing Schaefer for the world title came to Hagenlocher following his challenge-round match-play eliminations of Willie Hoppe, Welker Cochran and the Japanese champion, Tamara Suzuki.

WILKER ERICH HAGENLOCHER

Syracuse, N.Y.

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Before you buy any color TV, listen to the experts.

The people who service them. For the second consecutive year, a leading research organization asked TV service technicians from coast to coast which color TV needs fewest repairs — which is highest in quality — and which they would buy today. Again, Zenith was named most often.

Question	Answers	Question	Answers	Question	Answers
In general, of the brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?	Zenith 35% Brand A 14% Brand B 11% Brand C 5% Brand D 3% Brand E 3% Brand F 2% Brand G 2% Brand H 2% Brand I 1% Other Brands 3% About Equal 13% Don't Know 11%	In general, of the brands you are familiar with, which is the highest quality color TV?	Zenith 45% Brand A 24% Brand B 10% Brand C 5% Brand D 3% Brand E 4% Brand F 2% Brand G 2% Other Brands 4% About Equal 8% Don't Know 4%	If you were buying a new color TV set for yourself today, which brand would you buy?	Zenith 35% Brand A 23% Brand B 12% Brand C 6% Brand D 4% Brand E 4% Brand F 3% Brand G 3% Brand H 2% Brand I 2% Other Brands 5% Don't Know 8%

*OTE: A means additional than 100% because of multiple responses.

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